

THE *Juvenile Instructor*

VOL. 52

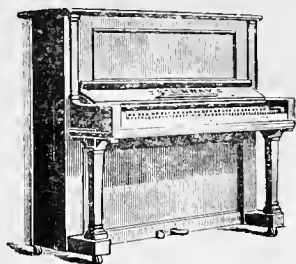
FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 2



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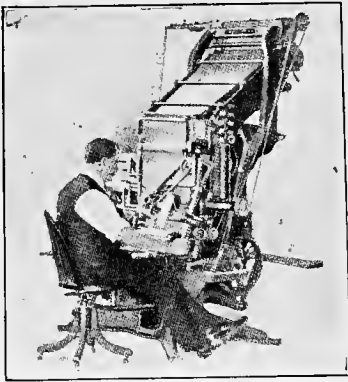
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Prayer

These are the gifts I ask of thee, Spirit serene,—
Strength for the daily task;
Courage to face the road;
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load;
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain would have thee take away,—
Malice and cold disdain;
Hot anger, sullen hate;
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great;
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of a common day.

—Henry Van Dyke.



THE SOLDIER'S VOICE WAS DEEP AND SLOW
AS WONDER-TALES HE TOLD.



VOL. LII

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 2

Story Time Long Ago

By Frank Walcott Hutt

They used to have a story time, one hundred years ago;
'Twas candle-light, when Prue and Sue, all snugly in the settle,
Sat quietly to listen, as the logs began to glow,
And busier each minute grew the singing of the kettle.

And while the cousins gathered in the chimney-corners near,
And room was made for old and young in chairs, straight-backed and steady,
And Rover thumped his mighty tail and raised a clever ear,
The Minute Man of Seventy-Six announced that he was ready.

The soldier's voice was deep and low, as wonder-tales he told
Of Concord fight, or Bunker Hill, or Bennington's brave rally;
Of Washington at Germantown, of Moultrie, true and bold;
The victory at Cowpens, or the dread of Cherry Valley.

He said that he remembered Israel Putnam very well,
And showed how Ethan Allen led his stout Green Mountain rangers;
He once saw Baron Steuben, and heard Patrick Henry tell
How Liberty should rule the land and triumph through its dangers.

And in the interesting part, what should the children do
But nod a very little—yet a watchful eye espied them;
And so the big four-posted bed, with counterpane of blue,
Was warmed, and soon made ready, in its downy nest to hide them.

As fainter grew the voices in the living room below,
They heard the Minute Man's "Good night"—and all the homestead
slumbered;
While halfway down the stairway, softly ticking to and fro,
The eight-day clock's broad pendulum the lazy moments numbered.

The Ancient Apostles and the Nephite Twelve

By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

A query has arisen in the minds of some of our students of the Scriptures, as to whether the ordaining of the Nephite Twelve by the Lord Jesus Christ when He appeared in His resurrected and glorified state on the Western Continent did not constitute a second quorum of Twelve Apostles.

An assumption in the affirmative has led to the inference that two organized bodies or quorums of Twelve Apostles were officiating independently on the earth at one time—the Hebrew Apostles on the eastern and the Nephite Twelve on the western hemisphere.

It is a significant fact that the Twelve who were specially commissioned by the Lord in person on the American continent are nowhere in the Book of Mormon designated as Twelve Apostles. In two passages "apostles" are mentioned, with the context suggesting that the Nephite ministers of Christ may be meant. These passages embody the words of Moroni: "And there were many mighty miracles wrought by the hands of the Apostles." (Mormon 9:18); and further: "And now I would commend you to seek this Jesus of whom the prophets and apostles have written" (Ether 12:41). Certainly these verses contain no definite specification of a distinctly constituted quorum of Twelve Apostles; though it is possible that the original Nephite Twelve and their successors in the ministry (4 Nephi 1:14) are thus designated "apostles".

On the other hand, the Apostles who labored with the Christ in Palestine, and who continued the work of the ministry on the eastern hemisphere after our Lord's ascension, are specifically so named in the Book of Mormon, and are generally designated therein as "the twelve apostles of the

Lamb". (See I Nephi 11:34, 35, 36; 12:9; 13:24, 26, 39, 40, 41; 14:20). John, known to us as the Revelator, is particularly called "an apostle of the Lamb of God" (I Nephi 14:23-27).

The Nephite Twelve are distinctively called "disciples" (3 Nephi, Chaps. 18, 19, etc.; 4 Nephi, Chap. 1), and specifically "the twelve ministers" (I Nephi 12:8-10). The Lord Himself called them "disciples", as witness His words "unto those twelve whom he had chosen, Ye are my disciples" (3 Nephi 15:11, 12); but we are without record of His having named them "apostles"; whereas of the special witnesses called and ordained in Galilee we read: "He called unto him his disciples: and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles". (Luke 6:13; see also Matt. 10:2).

It is beyond question that the Nephite Twelve received by ordination from the Resurrected Lord the Higher or Melchizedek Priesthood, which is after the order of the Son of God, for they were expressly empowered to lay on hands for the bestowal of the Holy Ghost. The fact is thus recorded:

"And it came to pass that when Jesus had made an end of these sayings, he touched with his hand the disciples whom he had chosen, one by one, even until he had touched them all, and spake unto them as he touched them; And the multitude heard not the words which he spake, therefore they did not bear record; but the disciples bear record that he gave them power to give the Holy Ghost." (3 Nephi 18:36, 37).

Moroni gives us a fuller account of the ordination of the Nephite Twelve, and, moreover, tells us that the Lord directed them as to the manner of conferring the Holy Ghost by the laying

on of hands, saying: "Ye shall have power that on him whom ye shall lay your hands, ye shall give the Holy Ghost; * * * for thus do mine apostles". (Moroni 2:2). The procedure in which the Lord's apostles had been instructed is here cited as the course to be followed by the chosen disciples among the Nephites. The Nephite Twelve, being invested with the Melchizedek Priesthood, were authorized to administer in any ordinances to which they were authoritatively assigned; and the authority of their appointment was that of the Lord Jesus Christ who officiated in Person. But we are not told that these twelve disciples received the appointment of presidency such as was conferred upon Peter and also upon the apostles associated with him, as the Lord's words affirm:

"And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (Matt. 16:19; see also 18:18; John 20:23).

The Apostles on the eastern hemisphere were ignorant of the existence of that branch of the House of Israel that had been transplanted to the western continent (3 Nephi 15:14-18), and certainly they exercised no ministry among the latter in mortality. Nevertheless, after the Lord's ascension the Twelve Apostles stood as the human embodiment of the Holy Priesthood with its authority of presidency, not for the East alone but for the world; though, plainly, their personal ministry was limited to the eastern hemisphere.

The preeminence of the Twelve Apostles in the administrative authority of the Holy Priesthood is attested by further evidence. One of the functions of the apostleship is that of sitting in judgment. To the Twelve who were with the Christ during His earthly life He said:

"Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." (Matt. 19:28; see also Luke 22:28-30; compare I Cor. 6:2, 3; and Doc. & Cov. 29:12).

To the Nephite Twelve the Lord said:

"And know ye that ye shall be judges of this people, according to the judgment which I shall give unto you, which shall be just." (3 Nephi 27:27).

But this assurance is plainly less comprehensive than that given to the Apostles whose function it would be to judge the twelve tribes, or the entire House of Israel. The Hebrew Apostles shall be the judges of the Nephite Twelve; and these in turn shall judge the people amongst whom they ministered in the flesh. This appointed order was revealed to Nephi, son of Lehi. The angel who was sent to instruct him said:

"Thou rememberest the twelve apostles of the Lamb? Behold they are they who shall judge the twelve tribes of Israel; wherefore, the twelve ministers of thy seed shall be judged of them; for ye are of the house of Israel. And these twelve ministers whom thou beholdest, [i. e., the Nephite Twelve] shall judge thy seed." (1 Nephi 12:9, 10).

Nearly a thousand years later, and well on toward the close of the fourth century following our Lord's visitations to the Nephites, Mormon wrote:

"And I write also unto the remnant of this people, who shall also be judged by the Twelve whom Jesus chose in this land; and they shall be judged by the other Twelve whom Jesus chose in the land of Jerusalem. And these things do the Spirit manifest unto me." (Mormon 3:19, 20).

In further proof of the position of presidency held by the apostles of old,

let it be remembered that when the Melchizedek Priesthood was restored to earth in the current dispensation, it was brought by Peter, James, and John, the senior and presiding apostles of the earlier dispensation (Doc. & Cov. 27:12, 13)—not by Nephi and his fellow ministers of the Nephite Twelve. And, on the earlier occasion when John the Baptist conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery the Lesser or Aaronic Priesthood, he expressly averred that he was officiating “under the direction of Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the Priesthood of Melchizedek”. (Pearl of Great Price, Writings of Joseph Smith 2:72).

We should bear in mind the fact that the Holy Apostleship is an office of the Melchizedek Priesthood, not a distinct order of Priesthood, and that every man invested with the Priesthood after the order of Melchizedek is competent to officiate in any of the functions of that Priesthood when duly commissioned so to do by ordination to the requisite office and by appointment of those holding the keys of presidency. There are, as we have seen, certain distinctive duties, powers, or functions inherent in the Apostleship; the same may be said with respect to any other office appertaining to the Priesthood.

Apostles are “special witnesses of the name of Christ in all the world;

thus differing from other officers in the Church in the duties of their calling.” (Doc. & Cov. 107:23). Most assuredly the Nephite Twelve were special witnesses of the Christ, for they were ordained under His hand, and were instructed and commissioned for the administering of all the ordinances prescribed by the Lord, and that by His own voice. In this sense they were Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ. Moreover, they were constituted as particular ministers, preachers, and teachers to all their people; and as such they constituted a presiding council or quorum, and exercised on this continent all the functions of Priesthood that characterized the ministry of the Twelve Apostles in the East. Nevertheless, superior powers of presidency were vested in the Twelve who were with the Lord in Palestine as already shown.

The Nephite Twelve were ordained elders, holding the Melchizedek Priesthood, and they were special witnesses of the name of Christ to all amongst whom they ministered. They officiated in the sacred duties of the Apostleship, for to such they were appointed; but they were called “disciples”, and, as the Book of Mormon makes plain, will be judged by, and therefore are under the presidency of, the Apostles who labored on the eastern hemisphere in the earlier dispensation.

Sunday School Ideals of Liberty Stake

I am a Sunday School teacher: This is my creed.

- 1—To be a consistent Latter-day Saint every day.
- 2—To seek and cherish the association of good people.
- 3—To develop myself through thought, study, prayer and observation.
- 4—To be prompt, punctual and progressive.
- 5—To add Sunday morning review to previous preparation.
- 6—To cultivate comradeship with my class.
- 7—To disseminate optimism among my fellow workers.
- 8—To feel the glow of the truths I present.
- 9—To burn the spiritual message into the hearts of my class.
- 10—To be truly genuine.

Note: Consult these, one by one, and often. They embody an ideal by which you may estimate your present efficiency, and will inspire you to greater efforts in your noble calling.—*Liberty Stake*.

Stephen L. Richards: an Appreciation

By Elder David O. McKay

On Thursday, January 18th, 1917, Elder Stephen L. Richards was nominated by President Joseph F. Smith, and unanimously sustained by the Council of Twelve to be an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. On that occasion, every mind assented and every heart testified that the Lord had spoken, and that He had indeed called into the service of the Apostleship a "chosen vessel."

Brother Richards was born in Mendon, Cache county, Utah, June 18th, 1879, and is the son of Dr. Stephen L. Richards and Emma Louise Stayner, and the grandson of Elder Willard Richards, a fellow-prisoner of the Prophet Joseph at the time of the martyrdom. His home since babyhood has been in Salt Lake City, where he received his education in the public schools and University of Utah, supplemented by four years in the Law School of the University of Chicago.

He has been a member of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union since October, 1906, and Second Assistant General Superintendent, since April 6th, 1908. His duties in these positions have called him to many, if not all the Stakes of Zion, so he is known quite generally throughout the Church, and more or less intimately by all Sunday School officers and teachers. His sincere interest in the great Sunday School cause has been an inspiration to his fellow-workers. His clear judgment and sound reasoning have commanded the respect particularly of the members of the General Board, with whom he is closely associated. His loyalty to them and to the cause has won their loyalty to him; his gentlemanly and courteous consideration of their thoughts and feelings, his unselfish devotion to truth, and his invincible

determination to choose the right have merited their abiding confidence and highest esteem.

In his Board work, no call of duty ever came that he did not heed, no appointment made that did not take precedence over his own affairs. In all his work on the Board and in the General Superintendency, he has shown by his self-forgetfulness, and his disregard of personal interests and pleasures, that he possesses those elements of character which constitute true nobleness.

The honor and integrity manifest in his public life are but the reflection of the high principles which he manifests in his home. "A good home," it is said, "implies good living, which is also a means and a token of true culture." Brother Richards has a good home, in which his own high ideals are not only emulated, but (and I am sure he will agree with me) excelled in the life and character of his devoted wife. Her sweetness and tenderness are manifest not alone as his sweetheart and the mother of his children, but as an inspiration to him to do his duty—the deepest tenderness a wife can show her husband. Seven children—five girls and two boys—form the circle of their ideal Latter-day Saint home. About three years ago, death entered the home, and suddenly carried away one of these little girls. Thus were the parents led into the shadow of Gethsemane; but they emerged, as all do who have faith in the Redeemer, with their hearts and lives even more firmly welded in a union as eternal as the soul itself.

His excellence as husband and father, or as an officer and leader in the Church does not exceed his devotion and constancy in friendship and brotherly love. True to his brethren, unwavering in his fidelity to his



STEPHEN L. RICHARDS.

Unanimously sustained by the Council of Twelve to
be an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ,
January 18, 1917.

friends, his is the kind of friendship we like to cherish here that we might enjoy it throughout eternity. Personally, I have reason to value his friendship for I have learned its worth. In the complexity of our social life, it is the common experience of each of us to have many acquaintances but very few friends—friends whose friendship, like faith, is a gift of God. Stephen L.'s friendship is genuine—it is pure gold.

"All men have their frailties," and Brother Richards is a man; but those of us who know him best love him

most, and know that he is worthy of the high office to which the Lord has called him. His purity of life, his education and training, his devotion to the right, his sympathy for children and mankind in general, his love for the Gospel and his abiding testimony of its truth, all contribute to make him what God has chosen him to be—a special witness of the name of Christ in all the world.

Brother Richards, your co-workers in the Sunday School Union unite in saying, "God bless you!"

Memories of Childhood

By Annie Malin

I dream of days now long since fled,
Days of my childhood on the farm.
The sky so blue, the balmy air,
Fond memory recalls their charm.
On Cherry's neck the clanging bell
That to my childish ear seemed sweet;
The foamy milk that father heaped
In the bright pail at Molly's feet.

The paths I follow, which I trod
A heedless boy in childish play,
The stream where with my hook and line
I fished in spring and summer-time
Through many a care-free day.

Now, in the orchard's welcome shade
I hear the hum of bees
Among the snowy blossoms sweet,
Whose petals flutter to my feet—
Reluctant from the trees.
I climb the gnarled old apple-tree,
And swinging from its topmost height,
I shake the fragrant shower down
Until the grass beneath is white.

But now I thrill with sudden joy:
Comes on the air a sweeter sound
Than song of any bird that sings
In all the orchard round.
A voice it is that sweet and clear
Comes to my memory's listening ear.
Across the tender grass so green,
Fairer to me than crowned queen,
The sunlight shining on her hair
Showing bright threads of silver there,
I see her come—my Mother!

The Wisdom of the Wild

By Edward T. Martin

When the Great Father above apportioned his gifts to all creatures here below, the power to distinguish friend from foe, to know even when man was kindly disposed or man was hostile, was perhaps the most valuable thing assigned to the children of the wild; also a most wonderful gift little appreciated by mankind who as a rule thinks humanity knows it all and the beasts of the field and birds of the air are without sense and sagacity, just brutes, only knowing enough to find food for themselves and their young.

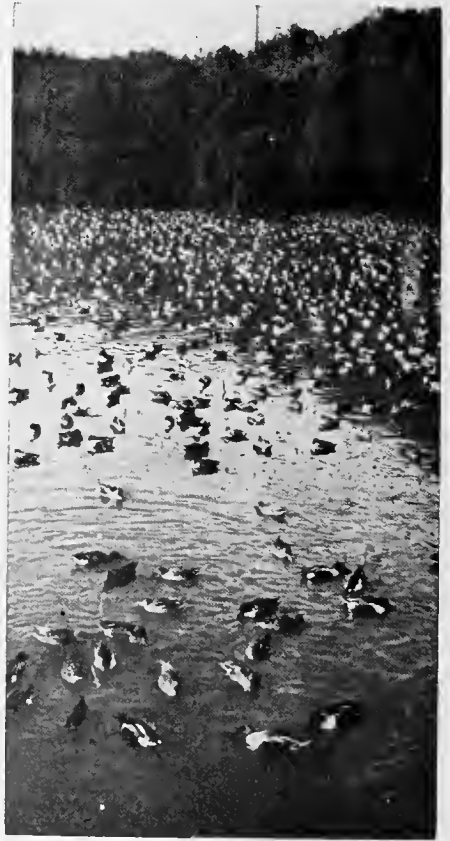
For more than fifty years I have made these creatures of the great outdoors my study and never a year goes by without my learning something that makes me respect their smartness more. The deer know, the ducks know, the quail know when there is peace between them and all mankind, with no one wishing to do them harm.

Take deer for example. I know of one caught in Arizona when half grown that with the fear of man and dog in his heart inherited from long generations of wild ancestors, almost immediately became tame, following the children of the farm to which he had been sent, even as would a pet puppy, eating from their hands and on several occasions going as far as to push open a door of the house, find his way to the pantry and eat any scraps of bread he might find lying around loose. Once it was not bread but cake, a whole one, left out to cool. Then the deer made himself disliked and had indigestion besides.

Not only did he like children but made friends with every dog on the place as well. Think of that! He had sense enough to know his natural enemies—the dogs—would not harm him. To romp with them, to eat out of the same dish, to be just as much one of them as any dog in the kennel. But let a dog try to impose on the deer, to

grab more than his own share of bread and milk or bite a bit too hard in their play, then he would strike at him with his sharp hoofs or butt with his hard head and so remind Mr. Dog that he was going too far.

Now about wild ducks. In the center of Oakland, with high buildings all



Pond in Oakland, California, where sometimes as many as 4,000 wild ducks can be seen.

around it and the Municipal Auditorium just across the street, there is a lake that during the past winter has been full of ducks the entire time—thousands and thousands of them. They fed on the new grass in a near-

by park, swarmed across the street between it and the water, were often almost stepped on by pedestrians or nearly run over by autos and occasionally caught by ill-mannered dogs, and they behaved for all the world as if they had as many rights as the taxpayers of the city themselves. Yet

whistle at a passer by. Across the street it is up and away if even a child comes near.

And skunks, these people tell me, become as tame as kittens. I hardly believe I would care to trust one, though.

As for hawks I have seen a pair of



Dog and Deer are great friends, and daily eat together out of the same pan of bread and milk.

take those same ducks on the bay, a mile or two distant, and they fly if a boat comes within 200 yards. In such things their wisdom is that of man, their common sense all but human.

The little quail seem to know to a foot where the danger zone begins. They are safe inside the city limits and are very tame. They often look up and

big fellows that would attack any other intruder but suffer their keeper to rub their heads, scratch their backs and seem to like it. Yes, indeed, this ability to distinguish friend from foe, safety from danger, on the part of the wild creation, is a wonderful gift and the longer one considers it, the more wonderful it appears.

Wherever there is war there must be injustice on one side or the other, or on both.—Ruskin.

Marked for the Unexpected*

By Margaret Prescott Montague

PART TWO.

Roses and ridgepole, Benny's minor surprises, followed hard upon one another. And then came a very alarming one. He fell ill. Indeed, he was so seriously ill for a short time that his parents had to be notified. The local practitioner pronounced it poisoning of some kind, which indeed was likely enough, as the trained nurse had found her medicine closet, which she always kept locked, broken open the day the little boy was taken ill. A box of iodoform had been spilled, and a bottle of wood alcohol uncorked. For a few hours the school held its breath, and then Benny, who was a sturdy little person, set his feet determinedly upon the highroad to recovery and was soon back again in school. Mrs. Adams, who during the child's illness had been almost distracted, stayed on a day or two after his recovery, coming to school every morning to see her little Benjamin at work. She became deeply interested in watching Miss Evans initiate the children into the mysteries of pronouncing *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes even *w*, and *y*: of seeing them read from the teacher's lips such words as "a sheep," "a cow," "a dog," and match the words with the right toy animal; or of seeing them put into action such simple commands as "hop," "sit down," "open the window," and so forth; and she cried constantly, "My Benny's learnin', ain't he? He's goin' to talk good as any of 'em, ain't he?" And each time Miss Evans assured her that he would.

Benny, indeed, was remarkably quick, showing a decided aptitude for lip-reading and articulation. Taking advantage of this quickness, Miss Evans drilled him secretly in some extra words just for the pleasure of

seeing the happiness flash up in his mother's wistful face. On the day Mrs. Adams was leaving, an especial surprise awaited her. When she entered the school room, Miss Evans made a sign to Benny, and he, with that quaintly serious air that always made one think he was carrying out a scientific experiment, rose from his little chair, and going over to his mother put his arms carefully around her, and said, "I love you."

He said the words with remarkable clearness, and Miss Evans hoped to have her pains rewarded by an outburst of joy on the mother's part. Instead the latter's face went white, and disengaging herself from Benny, she almost ran out of the room, and all the little watching deaf children, who miss extremely little, told each other on their fingers that Benny's mother was crying.

Mrs. Adams returned in a moment, however, and apologized.

"You'll have to excuse me for actin' so foolish," she said with pathetic dignity; "but if you'd ever had a deaf child that's never said a word, you'd understand how it—it kinder breaks you up when they first commence to talk."

Miss Evans did understand, she had taught deaf children long enough to be familiar with the emotion and excitement of bringing speech to birth.

"We're going to make a splendid lip-reader of your little boy," she promised. "He is very quick, and besides he has a little hearing and that is always such a help."

"I knowed he could hear a little mite,—he ain't right deaf like his brother was,—but I didn't think it was enough to be any use," Mrs. Adams returned.

"Every scrap of hearing is of use," the other assured her eagerly. "Was he born deaf?" she went on, looking at the child's healthy little body which

*From "Closed Doors." Copyright, 1915, by Margaret Prescott Montague. Used by permission.

gave no evidence of any terrible disease of the past.

The mother nodded. "My first was deaf—Chrissy, you know—an' we took him to a kind of a ear doctor, an' he said when they was born deaf that way, there wasn't nothin' to do for 'em. He said it ran in families, an' that skeered me, an' I looked an' looked to have another. But I had a whole parcel of children that was all right, so I kinder quit worryin' about it, and Benny he was 'most two years old 'fore it came to me that he was just like Chrissy." She paused, looking wistfully at the handsome, alert little fellow. "Seems like," she sighed. "I could've stood it better if it had a-bin any of the others."

Mrs. Adams left Lomax very happy and relieved over Benny. But it was only a short time after her departure that his teacher and matron became aware of a change in the little fellow. His engaging alertness began to fail. Gradually a veil seemed to be drawn between him and the outer world. He began to move slowly, and all his busy investigations ceased. There was no danger now of finding him on the ridgepole. Instead one found him huddled away in dark corners, and sometimes he was whimpering and putting his hand to his head as though in pain. He ceased to play with the other children, and his face, which had been so bright, assumed a dull and bewildered look. The doctor, a general practitioner, could find nothing the matter with him. His heart, his tongue, his temperature, all seemed to be normal, but he was not. He went from bad to worse, his bewildered little face taking on a stricken look,—the baffled, age-old look of suffering children,—and soon he ceased to play almost entirely.

"If he could only tell us what the trouble is," Miss Evans sighed.

But this, of course, is just what an untaught deaf-mute child cannot do.

"I shall send for his mother again," Mr. Lincoln announced. "The doc-

tor says he isn't ill, but something is wrong, and I'll trust her to find out what it is."

But they found out before Mrs. Adams came. It was Charlie Webster—"little old Webster"—who made the discovery. He was almost frantic over Benny whom he regarded as his particular charge, and constantly implored the nurse with urgent signs to do something. To put Benny to bed, to give him medicine, or to wrap up his throat. Charlie himself had once had a sore throat which had been greatly benefited by being wrapped up. Benny clung pathetically to his protector, and seemed not to want to let go of his hand. It was probably because he was with him so constantly that Charlie was the first to find out what the real trouble was. The morning of the day on which Mrs. Adams was expected, he came into Miss Evans' school room with a distracted little face, and pointing at Benny, who was clinging to him, made certain frantic signs. Miss Evans jumped to her feet, shaking her head in agonized denial. But in spite of herself her mind raced back over the past few days, remembering how Benny's activity had gradually ceased; how he clung now to Webster; and how his hand went constantly to his face in that bewildered gesture. Cupping her hand beneath his chin she stared down at him for a moment. Then, putting the boys aside, she fled down to Mr. Lincoln's study.

"Oh!" she gasped, "oh, Mr. Lincoln, Benny Adams,—you know we didn't know what the trouble was,—but now—"

"Yes?" Mr. Lincoln prompted her as she choked and stopped.

"He's—he's— Oh, he's going blind."

There was an instant's silence while Mr. Lincoln stared rigidly down at his blotter.

"Webster found it out," Miss Evans struggled on in jerky sentences. "I don't know why we didn't guess be-

fore,—but his eyes *look* all right,—and then I think it has only reached an acute stage in the last day. He—he keeps putting his hand to his face all the time, poor little mite! He doesn't understand, and he's—he's trying to wipe the dark away. He's going to be blind as well as deaf. That mother comes this afternoon, and I—I just *won't* be the one to tell her!" And Miss Evans broke down and cried.

Mr. Lincoln jumped for his hat. "I'm off to telephone for Dr. Gordon," he said. "I wish to goodness he was in charge here—we might avoid such horrors, then!"

At noon Mrs. Adams arrived. Mr. Lincoln met her at the station and told her what was feared for her child. The news crushed her. She fell to an absolute stricken silence. She did not weep or complain. She did not even accuse any one of neglecting Benny. The blow was too big, too overwhelming, to be expressed by the smallness of tears or vituperation. In her gray flimsy dress she looked like the gaunt shadow of a woman, and to all the remarks addressed to her, she answered in stunned monosyllables. "Yes, marm," "No, marm." She had been told that the oculist would arrive the following morning, and all that afternoon she sat in the deaf boys' sitting room, and either held her child in her arms or watched him questing slowly about in fitful efforts at play, while the veil of darkness that was descending so swiftly upon him seemed to wrap them both in a gray world apart. Once he ran into a table, and bewildered and frightened burst into tears. With a sharp sob, she leaped up and caught him close in her arms. Then for the first time she spoke.

"He's been deaf and dumb all his life, an' now he's goin' to be blind," she said. She put her hand up to her eyes with a stunned gesture, while her mind searched painfully for words adequate to her bitterness. "It's like

—like God Hissself had took His fist an' hit me a awful lick in the face," she said at last.

"And that's just the way she looks," Miss Evans shuddered to herself. "And," she added, "if things like this are going to happen here all because the Board of Control is too busy making a record of economy for its party to supply these children with proper medical supervision, I for one am not going to stay."

It so happened—or God made it so happen—that those taking part in little Benjamin Adams' drama were all drawn together upon the Lomax stage for the last act. But, as is always the way in the great drama of life, none of the participants had the least idea how the play would end.

Mrs. Adams, of course, was there, and the doctor arrived the next morning, but, unexpectedly, there also got off the train with him Mr. Prouty, the head of the Board of Control. Mr. Prouty was a large man, inclined to corpulence, and more inclined to pomposity. As the head of the Board of Control, he believed it to be his duty to control, and he did so in deed and in truth. When he came to Lomax he controlled everybody, or tried to. He instructed the matrons how to matronize, the teachers how to teach, and the nurses how to nurse; and that they were all trained workers with years of experience at their backs, and that he had never in all his life looked after a deaf or blind child for so much as a brief half-hour, did not disturb him in the least. He had obtained his present position by the divine right of political wire-pulling, to which right he had sold large portions of his soul. Some portions of it, however, were as yet unsold. In the game of politics he was cold and unscrupulous; but outside of that game his emotions were sometimes unexpectedly elemental and human.

The drop-light in Mr. Lincoln's study happened to be at a better angle for the doctor's examination than the

one in the infirmary. Therefore they fitted up a little dark room around it with shawls and screens.

"Now, then, Mr. Lincoln," Mr. Prouty, who was at the desk by the window, said briskly, "I'll just trouble you to go over these reports with me at once. My time, as you doubtless know, is of some value."

"Presently," said Mr. Lincoln, who was helping the doctor arrange a screen. "We are very anxious about one of the little deaf boys, and I can't think of anything else just now."

Mr. Prouty swung ponderously around from the desk. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, fitting his fat fingers together, "I should like to ask you a simple question."

"Certainly," Mr. Lincoln returned.

"Do you consider one small deaf child as more important than the head of the Board controlling this asylum?"

"Under the present circumstances I do," Mr. Lincoln retorted. "And may I request you to remember that Lomax is a school and not an asylum? You—" He broke off, and after a moment went on more quietly. "Mr. Prouty," he said, "you've got a child. haven't you? I think I've heard you speak of him."

In spite of himself, Mr. Prouty's heavy, scowling face relaxed a little. "We have," he admitted. And then, unable to resist the temptation, he burst out, "Say, you ought to see that kid! Greatest young one you ever laid your eyes on! Why, not more'n a week ago"—he settled comfortably back in his chair—"Robert—an'.. mind you, he ain't seven yet—he—"

"Well," Mr. Lincoln broke in, "this little boy we're worried about isn't seven either. But the difference between him and our child is, that added to his deafness he is losing his sight as well. We've had to send for his mother. Benny is her youngest child, and she feels—well, I suppose she feels the way your wife would if that little Robert of yours was going to have blindness added to deafness.

Only, perhaps she loves him even more because, not above three months ago, her eldest child, who was also deaf, was killed by the train. Ah, here they come," he added, as the nurse entered with Mrs. Adams and Benny.

Mrs. Adams was guiding Benny, one hand on his shoulder, the other clutching his small fingers fast. Her eyes went swiftly to the doctor's face and clung there in an agony of unspoken entreaty, as though his mere word would give her child sight or blindness. Benny moved timidly, groping his way, while his hand went constantly up trying pathetically to wipe the dark away. His blindness had increased with alarming swiftness—it was evident enough now what the trouble was.

Mr. Prouty's eyes rested curiously on him for a moment; then they traveled up to the mother's face. But from there they fell away almost at once, and he began to fidget nervously with the papers in front of him.

"Now, then, little chap," the doctor said, drawing Benny between his knees. Catching a spark of light through his ophthalmoscope he peered for a few intent moments into the child's eyes. Then he looked up. "Has he been ill lately?" he demanded.

"He was very ill a little while ago," Mr. Lincoln returned. "We thought he had been poisoned."

"Exactly," said the doctor. "Wood alcohol, or possibly iodoform. He's almost lost the sight of both eyes in consequence."

Mr. Lincoln had just an instant in which to take the words home; to catch his breath; to wonder how the mother took it, but not to dare to look at her, before the doctor's encouraging voice went on again.

"However," he said, "I have great hope that this is a temporary condition which will pass off with time. In these cases of acute poisoning the sight sometimes clears up entirely. So

you mustn't worry too much," he added, smiling up kindly at Mrs. Adams.

She had no words with which to answer him, but she caught Benny fast and fell to kissing him over and over again in an ecstasy of relief. And it may here be said that the doctor's prognosis proved entirely correct; with time Benny's eyes did indeed return to all their old brightness.

"He's a fine-looking little chap," the doctor continued. "How did he lose his hearing?"

He was talking a little against time, for now that the strain was over, Mrs. Adams was on the verge of a breakdown. She made an heroic effort, however, and controlled her voice sufficiently to answer, "He—he was born deaf."

"But his teacher says he has some hearing," Mr. Lincoln said. "I wish you'd have a look at his ears."

Dr. Gordon produced from his bag a reflector-like thing which he adjusted on his forehead, and through which he proceeded to examine Benny's ears. For a moment he made a close scrutiny. Then he probed gently with an instrument.

"Halloa," he said, "what's this?"—and a minute pebble fell into his hand. Again the instrument went into the child's ear, and again a pebble came out. Working very carefully the doctor removed at last fifteen tiny pebbles from one ear and twelve from the other. Then he pushed the reflector back on his forehead with a little click, and at the small sound Benny nearly jumped out of his skin.

"Steady! Steady!" cried the doctor. "I'll have to put cotton in these newborn ears. Mrs. Adams," he said, "your child has perfectly normal hearing."

She looked at him for a wild, an unbelievable moment.

"He's goin' to hear? My baby's goin' to hear?" she gasped.

"Going to hear! He does hear this minute—look at him!"

Benny, his ears unsealed at last, was

spinning in the direction of first one speaker and then the other, a mad, excited little teetotum, beside himself over the revelation of sound.

Dr. Gordon caught him, and began to safeguard his ears with cotton. "He must have stuffed these pebbles in as a baby," he said, "or some small brother or sister did it for him—the little scamp! And of course, having one deaf child you were afraid of having another, and so—"

But Mrs. Adams had stumbled to her feet. "He kin hear! He kin hear!" she screamed. "My baby kin hear!" she screamed. "My baby kin hear! Oh, thank God! Oh—" She broke into a wild medley of ejaculations, thanksgiving, and tears. "He'll be able to hear what his mammy says! He ain't goin' to be blind, an' he'll talk—he'll talk just like other folks! Oh, thank God! Thank God!"

Her own eyes full of tears, but smiling in spite of them, the nurse put her arm around the distracted mother, and patting her shoulder, drew her and Benny from the room.

Then the doctor turned on Mr. Lincoln. "Do you realize," he demanded furiously, "that just for the want of a half-hour's expert medical attention that child was being doomed to a life of deafness?"

"I do," Mr. Lincoln returned gravely. "And it's a tremendous confirmation of the belief I have always had of the necessity of having a specialist in charge of this school. In fact, I wrote to Mr. Prouty not more than two months ago about this very little chap, but I could not get him to see the advisability of an examination. This administration, you know," he said bitterly, "is trying to make a record of economy for its party, and of course under these circumstances deaf and blind children are apt to suffer."

The doctor whirled upon Mr. Prouty. He was a big blond. His face was scarlet now. A wave of hair stood up crest-like and furious upon

his forehead tempest-tossed by the gale of his wrath.

"God has the hottest corner in hades saved for the scoundrels who play political games with afflicted children!" he cried, and shook his fist in the other's face.

Mr. Lincoln placed himself hastily between the two men, but curiously enough Mr. Prouty seemed hardly aware of the doctor's outburst. He rose to his feet, putting out his hands with a dazed, deprecatory gesture, and when he spoke it was in disjointed sen-

tences, his mind hitting only the high places of his thoughts.

"Boys," he said, in a shaken voice, emotion playing havoc with his carefully acquired English, "I never seen er miracle before—That mother—Lord! Supposin' it had er been our little Robert! An' he *did* look kinder like him, too! Say"—he broke off tapping Mr. Lincoln's chest with an impressive forefinger—"you git Dr. Gordon hitched up to this school just as quick as you know how, an' I'll make it right with the Board."

THE END.

The Whip.

I looked around and saw a man carrying under his arm a number of small whips. He was surrounded by a group of boys who, not having money to purchase, were looking on with wistful eyes.

Curious to ascertain whether the man could earn a livelihood in this occupation, I watched him for nearly an hour, at the end of which time he had already sold six. The first was purchased by a woman of pleasing appearance for a little boy about two years old, whose first employment of it was in striking his mother.

Another child, walking with its nurse, also bought one and immediately began to whip a little stray dog that was looking for its master.

Another, rather older than the others, after making a similar purchase, laid it on the back of some sheep which a butcher's boy was driving to a slaughter-house. A fourth quickly forced a poor cat to take refuge in the shop from which she had just ventured. The fifth, a bad-looking fellow, bargained for one, and then refused to buy it because it would not give sufficient pain.

I was disgusted with the cruelty, and was just turning away when I saw a

kind-looking man, who was holding a little boy by the hand, stop to purchase one, but a sign from me made him change his purpose. He passed on and I followed him.

"Sir," said I, "excuse the liberty I have taken. I think you have done well not to place a whip in your little boy's hand lest it should have produced in him a love of giving pain, to which, judging from his face, he is as yet a stranger."

"Look," I continued, as we approached the end of the street, which made a rapid descent, "at those two wretched horses, which can hardly keep their footing on the slippery pavement—see how cruelly the driver is flogging them. You may be sure their driver had a whip for his first toy."

"You are right," he said.

"Yes," said I, "a man, naturally harsh and cruel, becomes still more so by his education. He begins as a boy by flogging his wooden horse, and afterwards flogs the real horse and all the animals under his power."

"I am resolved," said he, "never again to place a whip in the hands of a child."—*Our Dumb Animals.*



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS



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SALT LAKE CITY, - FEBRUARY, 1917

Two of the Greatest Men

During the month of February the citizens of our great republic will have the privilege of celebrating the natal days of two of our greatest presidents. On the 12th we will pay respect and honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the martyr, "emancipator" and defender of the Union. On the 22nd

we will likewise remember George Washington, the "Father of his Country" and first president of the United States.

It is a very commendable custom on the part of the people to pay tribute to the memory of each of these great men, who gave their service for the preservation of their country. Both of these men stand out most prominently among the great men of the earth and they were indeed men of renown. Their memories should never be forgotten and their many deeds of sacrifice, integrity and valor in the defense of freedom and the establishment of sound principles of government should find a resounding echo in the heart of every citizen.

Both were men whose lives were filled with sorrows. It was not their privilege to walk in pleasant places, but to tread the unbroken path of trials and tribulation. Their course in life was not chosen with the thought of personal conquest or selfish aggrandizement; their time was not spent in the accumulation of wealth or seeking for power and dominion among men; they were not ambitiously hunting for other worlds to conquer, but each devotedly gave the best that was in him for the good and lasting welfare of his country.

George Washington was looked upon during the stormy days of the struggle for independence by many even in this land, as a traitorous rebel fighting against the established government of the crown. A price was placed upon his head, and, had the cause of American independence

failed, he with the other patriots would have come to an ignominious end. However, the Lord was with them, for He had raised them up to establish liberty in this land which was redeemed, as we learn through revelation, by the shedding of blood.

Abraham Lincoln, also, was abused, reviled, and hated by a great number of the people, both in the north as well as in the south. His politics were condemned by many, his motives and actions misconstrued, and his labors were made more difficult by those who should have stood by his side to sustain and give him succor in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union.

At this distant day, when we can get a better perspective of these scenes of bitter and destructive conflict, we can more readily appreciate the stupendous responsibilities and anxieties which rested upon his shoulders. As it was in the days of George Washington and his compatriots, so it was with Lincoln; the Lord was with him and sustained him in his great and almost overwhelming struggle,

which eventually brought to pass the victory which reunited a broken people and made it possible for them to form the greatest nation of modern days. For the second time the nation passed through the fire and by the shedding of blood was redeemed. The destiny of our country I believe to be a glorious one. It has set the pace in the direction of liberty and freedom to the oppressed, and may we ever pray that the experiences thus gained may never be ignored, nor the time come when monarchy and disregard for law shall prevail, for then the liberties and constitutional rights of the people which have been guaranteed would be destroyed.

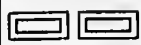
Let the children of the Latter-day Saints be taught to respect the law and be loyal to the cause of freedom, to be true to their country and to always honor those, without as well as within the Church, who have labored diligently and with inspiration in the interest of these great fundamental principles, for this is a part of our religion.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Lincoln

By Grace Ingles Frost

One whom the hands of destiny shaped well,
And marked to do for her a mighty work;
In thought as free and forceful as the wind
That all untrammled sweeps across the plain,
And yet withal as gentle as the breeze
That in mid-summer plays among the flowers;
As stout of heart as he, the shepherd lad,
Who with a sling and stone the titan slew,
That long oppressed the children of the Lord,
And humble as the One who came of old,
To break, as he, the shackles binding man.
Brave chieftain of a nation greater grown
Because he once her righteous cohorts led,
Each age must fuller sheaves of homage yield
To him, whom wheel of time left still unbroke,
Tho' all untimely came the tragic scene,
Which set him from his earthly bondage free,
And placed him 'mong God's brightest stars to shine.



WAR TOLL IN LIVES AND MONEY

By careful comparison of statistics from different sources, an estimate has been made of the total military casualties of the belligerents to January 1, 1917. The allies total nearly sixteen millions and the central powers over nine millions—in all, over twenty-five millions. Of these at least one-fourth, or over six millions, are dead. It is also estimated that the total cost of the war to date is nearly two hundred billion dollars.

CANADIAN RAILROAD REMOVED TO EUROPE

It being impossible to obtain new rails in Europe, owing to the demand for steel to manufacture shells, and it being necessary to construct more railroad, Canada has begun to tear up one thousand miles of railway to meet the needs on the western front in France and Belgium, which it is said will save the lives of thousands of men. It is stated that twenty miles of rails will load one steamer and some of the cargoes are already on the way.

A DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE

A bomb, containing two ounces of nitro-glycerine, and so designed as to throw a circle of scrap-iron slugs that would mean sure death to anyone within fifty feet, was found on the sidewalk running at the side of Governor William Spry's home, early Christmas morning. Chief of Police J. Parley White declared that the bomb undoubtedly was placed there by some agent of I. W. W. who had been imported for the job. He was also of the opinion that some local members of that organization were accomplices.

The finding of the bomb explains, the police believe, the explosion of a

stick of dynamite which tore a hole in the ground at the corner of the house of J. E. Jennings Sunday night. The dynamite explosion was believed to have been intended to draw the attention of the deputy sheriff, who has been guarding Governor Spry's home ever since the arrest of Joseph Hillstrom, I. W. W. agitator, in January, 1915. Revenge for the execution of Hillstrom, who was shot after he had been convicted of murder, is assigned as the motive for the attempted assassination.

A large reward has been offered for the apprehension of the dastardly perpetrator of this attempt to murder the governor because of his heroic conduct in upholding the law and refusing to be intimidated by the powerful organization of lawbreakers that is now seeking his life.

It should be a source of consolation to Governor Spry to know that while he is passing through this terrible ordeal he not only has the respect and admiration of his people for his courage and patriotism, but also their sincere sympathy and regret.

WARNING AGAINST WORRYING

The hurrying and worrying way in which the American people live has long since become proverbial. The national public service has been gathering statistics on nervous diseases and their tendency to shorten life. In a bulletin recently issued against worrying is the following satirical paragraph:

"So far as is known, no bird ever tried to build more nests than its neighbor; no fox ever fretted because he had only one hole in which to hide; no squirrel ever died of anxiety lest he should not lay by enough nuts for two winters instead of one, and no dog ever lost any sleep over the fact that he did not have enough

bones laid aside for his declining years."

And after all, how true it is that most of our worry is caused by imaginary troubles and the effort to satisfy artificial wants—not things that are absolutely necessary for our welfare and comfort, but things that we desire in order to keep pace with our associates and conform to the artificial method of living, which has superseded the simplicity of the past and so greatly multiplied our wants.

SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION CLOSED

The great Southern California Fair passed into history, with a blaze of glory, at midnight on January 1, 1917, having been open two years. Though closed as an Exposition, it remains almost intact as a super-park, which in years to come will be classed among the beauty spots of California.

The Fair has done much to advertise Southern California and especially San Diego. Its beautiful park and buildings will ever remain as a permanent monument to the enterprise and courage of those who made it possible to have such an enchanting city by the sea.

HAS WAR STRENGTHENED RELIGIOUS FAITH?

It is claimed by many who have made a special study of the subject, that the agonies of the battlefield have turned men's hearts back to the simple faith of the early Christians and the age of Christ's ministry and miracles. The soldiers tell of visions of angels on the field of battle, a blazing cross in the heavens and the spectral figure of the Savior among the dying, to which reference was made in a former paper on "The Comrade in White."

It is said that French workingmen who were notoriously inclined to be free thinkers have become devout

Catholics again and have gratefully accepted the ministrations of the priests on the battlefield. English regiments, composed of cockneys and city workers, who had been notorious at home for neglecting church and preferring the music halls, have changed into simple, pious worshippers under the deadly ordeal of war. Common soldiers have become impressed with the bravery of priests and clergymen serving with them and have acquired a kindly feeling and respect for them which they did not have before.

Perhaps the most interesting view of this subject is that which has been expressed by the noted American psychologist, President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass. This distinguished man finds that one great result of the war has been to turn Europeans back to a simpler and more primitive form of religious faith, the kind of religion they held in "the ages of faith," when belief in the constant occurrence of miracles was universal. A German psychologist, Professor Baumann, has expressed the idea that the war has turned men to the New Testament.

Very interesting to the psychologist are the striking stories which are told by so many that angels appeared at Mons and turned the Germans backward when they had their enemy in their power; stories which the great Psychical Research Society has elaborately studied. A soldier, in telling the story, said he heard voices and saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout their cloud of arrows flew singing and tingling through the air toward the German hosts. And so the English soldiers say that St. George brought his Agincourt bowsmen to help them win the fight.

An English correspondent reports that one night during the Somme bat-

tle the moon was struggling to break through the clouds, and after a while the light took the form of a cross in the sky. The soldiers stopped firing for fifteen minutes and gazed, awe-struck at "the cross in the heavens."

The Rev. A. H. Baverstock, in a new book called "The Unscathed Crucifix," has referred to the many instances where the figure of the Savior on the Cross has remained untouched in the ruined and shell-swept towns of Belgium. From this he argues to the conclusion that simple faith in the sacrifice of the crucifixion is the one thing that will come unscathed through the war.

Today it is stated that there are 60,000 priests serving in the French army, including two bishops and many rectors of important parishes. The Church of England clergy have also been taking a very active and aggressive part in the war. It is thought that this association of the clergy with the common people will have an abiding religious effect when the war is over. Now they are comrades day and night, engaged in a common struggle and danger, helping each other, interested in each other's life; living, fighting, dying in one mass.

Dr. Winnington Ingram, bishop of London, the most popular bishop in the church, has thrown himself heart and soul into the work. In a letter from the front he says:

"Few things will live in my memory as vividly as the scene from the wagon where I administered the holy communion. Afterward the soldiers sang, 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross' with a depth of earnestness about which there can be no mistake.

"Guns were booming hard by, and British aeroplanes were circling like guardian angels over the scene to guard the 4,000 men with their bishop in the middle. It was fully realized

that this gathering would have made an attractive target for German guns or aeroplanes if they had become aware of its existence."

Connected with the many instances of religious faith and belief is the astonishing story of the dead men who came to life at Verdun. According to this story all the men in a section of the French trenches had been killed or mortally wounded in beating off a desperate German attack.

After a time another German attack was made on the trenches. Then, according to an eye-witness, a mortally wounded French sergeant cried "Debout, les morts!" "On your feet, dead men!" Every man in the trench seized his rifle and bayonet and fought long enough to drive the Germans back. Then all the Frenchmen fell back dead except the one who narrated the incident. Many Frenchmen firmly believe that dead men came to life for a time, and even the more skeptical are satisfied that the patriotic spirit turned dying men into fighters for a critical moment.

Religion has been shown as conspicuously among the soldiers of Germany, Russia, Italy and the other belligerent countries as among the ones already mentioned. German priests and ministers performed their duties with great bravery and have lost their lives in many cases. The Kaiser has always ascribed his success to God, and has eloquently urged his soldiers to fight for "our old German God."

Our elders everywhere tell of the supreme indifference of the people to religious matters. If this terrible war is softening the hearts of men and turning them to the Lord, may we not reasonably expect a general awakening of interest in religion, after the war, and the opening of the doors of the nations for the dissemination of the principles of the gospel?



Sunday School Work



Teacher-Training Department

Milton Bennion, chairman; Howard R. Driggs and Adam S. Bennion

Brumbaugh—The Making of a Teacher, Chapter 17

The Teacher's Personal Equipment

The foundation of the teacher's personal equipment is her native individuality. If this is strong, sympathetic, and joyous, we may have a case of the born teacher. But even the born teacher can be improved by study and training, while the person who is not exceptionally blessed with natural endowments can, by persistent effort, cultivate them. Some of these qualities are energy, sympathetic appreciation of childhood and youth, patience, self-control, humility and faith. These personal qualities are the prime conditions of real success, which is to be measured in the type of life and characters resulting from the teaching. In addition to this the teacher must know the subjects taught and their bearing upon the whole problem of life. Practical applications are more important than great erudition, especially of the kind that has to do with fine points of historical fact about which there is little definite information—facts, too, that would be of little use to us even if we were sure of them. The teacher should, of course, be master of the essential facts.

A further problem in personal equipment is to acquire the power of so organizing knowledge that it will appeal to the understanding and the interests of those taught. This involves knowledge of developing human nature in general and of those taught in particular.

Leading the Child to Express Himself

[By Howard R. Driggs]

To lead pupils freely to express themselves, the teacher must gain their confidence, must make them feel "at home" in his presence. An intelligent sympathy with the vital interests of childhood alone makes this possible. To keep the spirit of youth in our hearts, is to possess the pass key that opens the gates of the realm of child life.

Too many teachers have fallen into the bad habit of growing old. In their stern struggles with life, they seem to have lost the magnetic spirit of youth.

Such teachers can hardly hope to inspire confidence in boys and girls under their charge. They may preach grown-up thoughts at children; but their words generally fail to impress or influence the young hearts in any way other than to create a dislike for religious teachings.

How was it that the Prophet Joseph Smith held such a sway over the hearts of men? He was youthful in spirit—always carrying a boy's heart with his divinely inspired mind and soul. Those who knew him are full of stories of his playful spirit. He seemed to have found the fountain of youth; and he radiated its influence to the end of his days. Such a spirit is carried by our prophet of today, and by many of his associates. The youngest of men and women I have ever known, have often been the oldest, if the calendar alone is to tell the tale.

Teachers must cultivate and keep the spirit of youth in their hearts if they would truly teach. This is one of the first essentials in teaching the child aright.

To teach, as already suggested, means to lead the learner to express himself freely, and to guide his expression into right channels. We cannot drive a person into the kingdom of heaven. Outward conversion makes little impress upon the heart. It is the inward changes that count, that leave a lasting influence.

In dealing with moral and spiritual problems, indirect methods are generally more potent than direct. That teacher who can create the right atmosphere of religious feeling in his class room, who can direct the minds of pupils towards their own problems, and who, by tactful questions and suggestions can lead the child to solve problems, gets the best results.

But how can we create the proper atmosphere of religious sentiment and feeling? By coming into the class radiant with the spirit of the lesson, first of all. Except the teacher have a burning belief in the work, how shall he hope to convert any other heart to its truths? Such a hope is vain indeed, for though he "speak with the tongue of men and of angels and have not charity," his words will be but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." An influence emanates from every being through some medium more subtle, more powerful than words, that

carries the truth or falsity of the message to the listening heart. Children particularly are susceptible to it. They respond to the spirit rather than the words of the teacher. Sincerity, then, is the second essential of success in getting freedom of expression from others.

The ability of the teacher to take the child's point of view, to look through his eyes upon the material at hand is also essential to success. A right use of our own childhood experiences is valuable here. It is another means of calling out similar experiences from children. To recall the things that interested and influenced us during our youth is to have illustrative material at hand to illuminate the truths of life we would impress on other youthful minds.

I remember, for example, a wonderful response I once stimulated during a fast day exercise by telling of a little incident during my boyhood wherein my prayer for help in hunting some lost horses was answered so clearly as to make my faith in prayer unswerving ever since. A score of my pupils in that first theological class were stirred by this incident to rise and bear their testimony on the efficacy of prayer, and to recite instances in proof thereof in their own young lives.

Our fast day exercises offer the finest of opportunities that we have for socialized Sunday School lessons. They are too often failures, however, because teachers seem not to know how tactfully to lead young people to bear real testimonies, to express their hearts.

The power of suggestion, rightly used, is the best means to stimulate self-expression. Young and old alike need some close-to-life experiences, some suggestive question or topic to start their thoughts in the desired direction.

My uncle once had a pump in his kitchen. I remember visiting his home one time when the old pump refused to work. We boys pumped and pumped to no purpose, until my aunt came with a gallon of water and poured into the throat of the pump. With this encouraging start the old thing began to pour out the water freely. After that whenever the pump had a balky spell, we always knew how to prime it.

The teacher must be prepared in a similar way to open the way, to lead out the mind of the pupil with questions, with experiences of his own, or those from others that touch closely the lives of children.

But once the children are led to express their thoughts and feelings freely, the teacher's work changes. His work

then is to keep the thoughts flowing and guide them tactfully into right channels. It requires quite as much tact to keep the expression directed rightly as to start it going. How to keep talkative pupils from saying too much or to keep them talking to the point, is sometimes a difficult problem. Tactful questioning at the right moments is perhaps the best means at the teacher's command. The skillful question, indeed, is at once the electric starter, the steering gear and the brake of the recitation. The art of questioning is the most useful of arts in teaching.

Questions that stimulate thought, that call out discussion, that direct the mind towards the solutions of the problem at hand are absolutely necessary. Too many teachers waste time by asking mere matter-of-fact questions and direct questions that can be answered by yes or no. Such may be useful, of course, at certain times; but for the purpose of leading the child to express himself, questions that call for thought and expression are better by far. This lesson may very properly be brought to a close by several such questions for teachers to consider.

Lesson Outlines

1. Why is an intelligent sympathy with child-life a first essential in true teaching?

2. What are some reasons why teachers too often grow old in spirit quickly? How can they best keep the spirit of youth in their hearts?

3. How can teachers promote an "at home" spirit in their classes without losing control of the pupils?

4. To what extent does lack of preparation and interest on the part of the teacher account for the dead lessons too frequently to be heard in Sunday Schools?

5. Write and be ready to read or tell a brief incident in your own life that might be used to draw out an expression from pupils on some gospel topic; as, the efficacy of prayer, of tithe paying, true charity, etc.

6. Write and be prepared to read some thought-stirring question that might be used in a Sunday School lesson; as, Why did the Prophet Brigham Young hold the Saints in the midst of these then barren valleys instead of yielding to the advice of Samuel Brannan to go on to the rich country of California? Or, What incident in the life of Joseph the son of Jacob shows most his strength of character?

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards

SACRAMENT GEM FOR MARCH, 1917

(D. S. S. Songs, No. 187)

Prepare our minds that we may see
The beauties of Thy grace;
Salvation purchased on that tree
For all who seek Thy face.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR MARCH, 1917

THE LORD'S PRAYER

(Matt. 6:9-13)

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Uniform Program

1. Organ Music.
2. Singing, "Did you Think to Pray?"
3. Prayer, By a boy of fourteen to twenty years of age.
4. Singing, "Hear Us Pray."
5. Sacrament Gem, "Prepare Our Minds," etc.
6. Administration of Sacrament.
7. Concert Recitation, The Lord's Prayer.
8. Song, "Joseph Smith's First Prayer."
9. Class Song or Prayer by Kindergarten or Primary Department.
10. Department Work.
11. Closing Song, "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire."

Outline for Class Teachers

Use as much of the outline as may be suitable for the class.

I. The True Spirit of Prayer.

- (1) "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire uttered or unexpressed."
- (2) The Lord's Prayer as an example. (Repeat.)

II. Why We Need to Pray.

- (1) Effect on individual's own heart.
- (2) In a general sense. "The prayer of the righteous avail-eth much."

III. Appropriate Prayers.

- (1) Time, (2) Place, (3) Position, (4) Things to pray for.
- (5) Meetings, (6) Family prayer, (7) Sacrament, (8) Blessing on the food, etc.

IV. Faith in Prayer.

- (1) Instances of answer to prayer. (the Prophet's prayer as an example).
- (2) Testimonies of individual prayer.

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department

George D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer

REPORTS

(By Inez M. Ingebretsen, Secretary Weber Stake Sunday School Board.)

While one often hears the expression that reports are of very little value, it is readily apparent to one who stops to consider the matter that the affairs of the wards, stakes, and Church in general would be in a sad state if all reports

were to be done away with. The problem which confronts the Church today is how to get and keep the children in the Sunday Schools. This problem cannot be entirely solved before the actual conditions in the various wards and stakes are understood. We can probably estimate or guess at what these conditions are, but definite and concise statements can be made only on the

basis of reports which have been figured out accurately. The responsibility of making and figuring these reports in order that the work of the Church may go on to the best advantage has been placed with the Secretary and it is this responsibility which the efficient secretary must learn to appreciate.

Let us consider briefly just what are the reports which enter into the secretary's work. First, in most schools, we have the weekly Sunday School and Local Board reports which consist of the postal card and abstract of minutes. Then we have the monthly, quarterly, and finally the annual report. As before stated, the most important work of the secretary is that of the making and keeping of correct rolls and minutes. If this work has been done at the right time the weekly postal card or abstract of minutes can be made directly from these records in a very short time. If the class rolls are secured fifteen minutes before the close of school these weekly reports should be filled out, signed by the Superintendent, and ready for mailing or reading at the close of the session, and under any circumstances the reports should be mailed or filed before the close of the day. The monthly, quarterly, and annual reports are really a summary of the weekly reports and if the abstract of minutes have been properly filed these other reports can be made up very quickly from them. If the weekly reports, however, have not been recorded or filed it is necessary that reference be again made to the rolls and minute books where the desired information can usually be found. There are various questions asked on these reports which an up-to-date secretary should be able to secure without much difficulty. The sources of information for these questions are from the Ward Clerk, the Superintendent or his assistants, or from the teachers themselves.

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Observation has proven that this is the only rule that promotes progress, and though practical experience is of great value in the making of these reports, there are four elements of success which can be kept in mind by everyone. First, accuracy; second, promptness; third, legibility; and fourth, neatness. To be inaccurate is to be untrustworthy. Accuracy is indispensable to successful work and without it we cannot hope to inspire confidence. If the report is to be of any benefit it must be correct. There should be no guess work but actual facts. Promptness should be the rule of every

secretary. Observe with exactness the time when these reports must be ready and do not hesitate about working a little longer in order that the reports may be ready on time. True success in any line of work cannot be had without punctuality. Legibility and neatness may really be termed as habits which we acquire in our work. They are formed so readily and easily that they seem to have been born with us.

The work of the secretary not only includes the making of these reports, but very often includes the reading of them during the Sunday School session. How often do we not hear the expression that reports are of no interest to the congregation when read aloud at meetings, that very few pay any attention to them whatever, and that they only serve the purpose of losing the interest of the children? I have listened to this argument many times and, in fact, have attended Sunday School sessions where the reading of reports served the exact purposes enumerated above. However, the fault does not always rest with the report, but more often I believe it rests with the secretary who is reading the paper.

As the successful Sunday School class depends on the preparation of the teacher, so the success of the reading of these reports depends in a great measure on the preparation of the secretary. Study and forethought should be given to the position and voice in order that everyone in the room may see the secretary and hear distinctly everything that is said. The secretary should also be so familiar with the context that it will not be necessary for him to keep his eyes glued to the paper which he is reading. He should be enabled to glance up from his paper occasionally in order that the audience may know that he is reading to them and not to the paper which he is holding.

No matter what talents we possess the opportunity to develop them must present itself and the possessor of the talents must appreciate his opportunity, but we cannot idly sit and wait for our chance. Dr. Lyman Abbott has said, "We never know for what God is preparing us in his schools—for what work on earth—for what in the hereafter—our business is to do our work well in the present place, whatever that may be." The making and reading of these reports offer unlimited opportunities to the ambitious secretary who will but seek to make the most of them. His watchwords should be accuracy and promptness with legibility and neatness his aim.

Choristers and Organists' Department

Joseph Ballantyne, Chairman; Horace S. Ensign, Geo. D. Pyper and Edward P. Kimball

Hints to Choristers and Organists

[By Edward P. Kimball]

If there is anything in the work of choristers and organists that needs special emphasis put upon it, "co-operation" is that thing. The "Standard Dictionary" says that "co-operate" means: "To operate together for a common object," and this is exactly the application of the word that should be put upon the labors of the chorister and organist in every Sunday School. While your labors are in some respects individual—for example, the playing of the prelude, sacramental and march music concerns the organist almost alone—your positions in the school are co-operative. You are chosen to provide spiritual food by means of music, and every one of you should become filled with the spirit and purpose of your calling. Your work is done principally in the opening exercises. You must realize that the opening exercises should prepare the mind and spirit of the pupils for the seed-planting which follows in the classes, and you should make everything serve with this end in mind. It is perfectly in place at times, and for special occasions, to make your work simply "please," but the policy of "show off" which sometimes is met with will work in the opposite direction than the purpose intended in the opening exercises if the latter is not kept constantly in mind.

Your co-operative work will be for the most part in the songs. In all the singing you should—no, you must—be of one mind and one purpose. How often does one see in a school something like this: The organist begins a song in what she thinks to be the correct tempo, playing it through as it is written with relation to notes, time, expression, etc. When the school is ready to begin the chorister sweeps down upon those present like Mars ready for battle, and makes his ideas known by stampeding the school into a gallop if, according to his mind, the organist has begun too slow, or placing his weight on the tempo like an old-fashioned drag, if he thinks the tempo begun is too fast. While he and the organist are fighting it out, the school pitches and flounders about like a rudderless boat. The feelings of the organist are injured, the chorister gets out of patience (and loses his influence there-

by), the school is disgusted, or hugely amused and the Spirit of the Lord finds it difficult to take any hold upon the hearts of the children. The same thing is repeated oftentimes in the song practice. Now who is to blame if the spirituality of that school is at low tide? The great friction has come from the chorister and organist not having co-operated with each other. If you are to get the spirit of the gospel into your songs, and into your opening exercises, you must get it into your hearts by understanding one another—by co-operation.

You should understand one another on every song you sing and practice, and the best time to arrive at this "knowing-one-another" is in your weekly local union, or at the prayer meeting preceding your session on Sunday morning. If you are doing this you are receiving the blessing of the Lord and your school is rich in spirituality; if you are neglecting to know each other and the ideals and wishes of each, you are robbing your school of one of its greatest blessings—the spirit of the gospel which comes through the labors of love. Are you co-operating for the spiritual growth of the children? Think it over.

Music Review for Organists

Shepherd's Reed-Organ Album, G. Schirmer, price \$1.00.

One hundred and fourteen pages of good music. This book has a very large circulation throughout the United States. Below is the table of contents, the asterisk marking the compositions especially suitable for devotion, while the titles of the other selections indicate their character:

- Audran, E.—Gobble Duet.
- *Barnby, J.—Evensong.
- *Batiste, E.—Andante Sostenuto.
- Beethoven, L. Van—Funeral March.
- *Best, W. T.—Pastorale.
- *Blumenthal, I.—Swan Song.
- *Bohm, C.—Forbidden Tryst.
- Bohm, C.—Thine Eyes of Blue.
- *Bordese, L.—Melodic.
- Calkin, J. B.—Harvest March.
- *Corelli, A.—Pastorale.
- *Dubois, Th.—Offertory.
- Faure, J.—Crucifix.
- Faure, J.—The Palms.
- Flotow, F. von—Good Night, from Martha.
- Flotow, F. von—March, from Martha.

- Godard, B.—Florian's Song.
 Gottschalk, L. M.—Marche de Nuit.
 *Gounod, Ch.—Ave verum.
 *Gounod, Ch.—Berceuse.
 *Gounod, Ch.—Come unto Him.
 *Gounod, Ch.—The Angelus.
 *Gounod, Ch.—There is a Green Hill Far Away.
 Guilmant, A.—Processional March.
 *Handel, G. F.—Come unto Him.
 *Henselt, A.—In the Distant Land.
 Henselt, A.—Love-song.
 *Hiller, F.—Prayer.
 Jensen, A.—Larghetto.
 Kjerulf, H.—In Sleep.
 Knucken, F.—The Mother's Song.
 *Lamperti, F.—Melodie.
 Levey, W. C.—Esmeralda.
 Mascagni, P.—Intermezzo.
 *Mendelssohn, F.—Duet in E.
 *Mendelssohn, F.—Nocturne.
 *Mendelssohn, F.—O Rest in the Lord! (Elijah).
 *Mendelssohn, F.—Resting-place.
 Meyer, L. de—Chant Bohemien.
 Meyer-Helmund, E.—Margareta.
 Molloy, J. L.—The Baby and the Fly.
 Molloy, J. L.—The Kerry Dance.
 Molloy, J. L.—Rose-Marie.
 *Moszkowski, M.—Melodie.
 Nessler, V. E.—God Guard Thee, Love.
 *Pfeil, H.—Calm is the Lake.
 Reinecke, C.—Allegretto Vivace.
 Reinecke, C.—Thousand and One Nights.
 Rossini, G.—Charity.
 Scharwenka, P.—March.
 Schubert, F.—Andantino from *Rosamunde*.
 *Shepard, T. G.—At Evening.
 Shepard, T. G.—Carolyn March.
 Shepard, T. G.—Country Dance.
 Shepard, T. G.—Jessica Minuet.
 Shepard, T. G.—Robin Adair, Variations.
 Stevenson, J.—Last Rose of Summer.
 Stevenson, J.—Home, Sweet Home.
 *Sullivan, A. S.—Antiphon.
 *Sullivan, A. S.—Lullaby.
 *Sullivan, A. S.—The Lost Chord.
 Sullivan, A. S.—Will he come?
 Tschaiakowsky, P.—Andante Cantabile.
 Verdi, G.—March from *Aida*.
 Verdi, G.—Prison Scene from *Traviata*.
 Volkman, R.—Grandmother's Song.
 Wagner, R.—Elizabeth's Prayer.
 Wagner, R.—Wedding March from *Lohengrin*.

Parents' Department

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter and E. G. Gowan

WORK FOR MARCH

Calendar Sunday

Sowing Seeds—This subject is most seasonable. It may be considered from either of two view points: (1) The Home Garden, or (2) the Seeds of Thought that are being sown in our homes in the minds of children.

As to the Home Garden idea. In these days of prohibitive prices, what can be done by children and by parents to produce something to help lift our burdens? How much land now going to waste might be cultivated to advantage by turning the wasted energy of boys and girls to account? By what practical means might this be accomplished? Take up the matter with the schools or other

organizations and discuss it. There is something worth while in the idea. Work it out.

Or, if preferred, let the parents discuss the other phase of the problem as suggested. Certainly this offers a rich field. Too often in our homes seed thoughts that will grow into bitter fruit and noxious weeds in after life are being implanted in the hearts of childhood.

What can be done to keep down these weeds and bring forth flowers in their stead?

Parents will do well to discuss these things and then take stock of themselves.

For Regular Lessons

Take Lessons XI and XII, "Parent and Child," Vol. III.

It is a wonderful thing, a mother; other folks can love you, but only your mother understands. She works for you, looks after you, loves you, forgives you anything you may do—understands you, and then the only bad she ever does to you is to die and leave you.—Baroness von Hutten.

Theological Department

Elias Conway Ashton, chairman; Milton Bennion, John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr.

First Year—Lives of the Apostles

LESSONS FOR MARCH

Lesson 7. Period Between the Betrayal and Crucifixion

1. Mission and duties of the Apostles.
2. Disciples slow to learn.
3. Peter's exaltation and humiliation.
4. Christ's agony in the garden.
5. The Disciples forsake Jesus and flee.
6. Peter's denial of the Christ.

Lesson 8. Period between the Resurrection and the Ascension

1. The Resurrection.
2. Jesus seen of Mary.
3. Christ appears to other women.
4. He appears to Peter.
5. On the way to Emmaus.
6. Christ's hands are shown to the Apostles.
7. Doubting Thomas.
8. Commissioned.
9. The appearance mentioned by St. Paul.
10. The Ascension.

Lesson 9. Authorship and the Contents of the "Acts of the Apostles."

1. Review and preview.
2. Authorship.
3. Time and place of writing.
4. Contents.

These lessons will be found in full in the new text book entitled "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," written by Elder Edward H. Anderson for the Deseret Sunday School Union. The book is now ready for distribution.

Third Year—Old Testament Studies

LESSONS FOR MARCH

(Outlines by E. Conway Ashton)

Lesson 7

- I. Man Commences Anew the Struggle of Human Existence.
 - (a) The burnt offering (the first altar and the first burnt offering).
 - (1) What does it signify?
 - (2) The acceptance by the Lord and His promises respecting the earth. (Gen. 8:20-22.)
- II. Noah Receives Divine Counsel Respecting his Privileges and Duties in the Earth.

- (a) Commanded to perpetuate the race.
 - (1) Man's relation to other living creatures.
 - (2) Man's obligation not to take human life—thus giving security to life—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." (Gen. 9:1-7.)
- (b) God promises a token of the covenant He makes with Noah—verses 11-17.
- III. Noah Commences to Till the Soil.
 - (a) His drunkenness and nakedness.
 - (1) The conduct of his sons.
 - (a) Ham mocks openly his father's disgrace.
 - (b) Others with dutiful care and reverence endeavor to hide it.
 - (2) Curses his youngest son and blesses the other two. (Gen. 9:21-29.)

Lesson 8. Abraham—the Father of the Great Hebrew Nation

- I. His Ancestors and Birth.
 - (a) His father an idolater, "served other gods." (Josh. 24:2.) "Their worship less gross in its nature than that of surrounding tribes and the idea of the unity of God had not become obscured completely among them." (Smith's Bible Dict. p. 7.)
 - (b) Evidence that they believed in, and practiced human sacrifice (offered up their children). (Pearl of Great Price, Book of Abraham 1:6-7.)
Born in the Land of Chaldeans.
- II. His Ambitions and Blessing.
 - (a) Seeks the priesthood.
 - (b) Covets great knowledge.
 - (c) Loves righteousness. (Book of Abraham 1:2.)
 - (d) Called to go to the Land of Promise. "Bless them that bless thee and curse him that curseth thee."
 - (1) Goes to Canaan and encounters a famine—arrives in Egypt.
 - (2) His wife represented as his sister.
 - (3) Pharaoh requires her to come to his house and is then visited by plagues. (Gen. chapter 12.)
- Lesson 9. Life of Abraham (continued)
 - I. Leaves Egypt with great possessions accompanied by Lot.

- (a) Arrives at old camping place.
- (b) The land will not support him and his kinsmen.
 - (1) Strife between the herdsmen.
 - (2) Abraham desires peace, "we be brethren."
 - (3) They depart into new countries. (Gen. 13:1-13.)
- II. An episode which vividly represents Abraham in the light in which he was viewed by his contemporaries.
 - (a) Lot taken into captivity. (Gen. 14:1-12.)
 - (b) Abraham rescues him by night attack with possessions.
 - (c) Melchizedek, king of Salem, blesses him and Abram pays him tithes.
 - (d) Declines to keep all the booty. (Gen. 14:13-24.)
- III. The thrice repeated promise comes after he despairs of having a child. (Gen. chapter 15.)

Second Intermediate Department

Harold G. Reynolds, chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks, and Adam S. Bennion

Text Books

Our committee desires to again call your attention to the new text books: for the first year "A Young Folks' History of the Church," and third year, "What it Means to be a 'Mormon'."

It is absolutely necessary that each teacher in this department have a text book in order to carry on the work for this year. The text, however, is written especially for the pupils; it is their book, written from their viewpoint, and it should be in the hands of every boy and girl in the Second Intermediate Department. We urge the teachers to work to this end.

The teacher should have an abundance of supplementary material—incidents from life, facts from nature, pictures, maps, etc., to illustrate and enrich the lessons. Reference books have already been suggested.

Send your orders for books to the Desert Sunday School Union Book Store, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. The price of "A Young Folks' History of the Church" is 50c and "What it Means to be a Mormon." 75c.

First Year—Church History

LESSONS FOR MARCH

[Prepared by Nephi Anderson]

First Sunday

Uniform Fast Day exercises

Second Sunday

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter VII.

Teachers' Texts: "History of the Church," Vol. I, Chapter V; Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 104-107; Doc. and Cov. Sec. 13.

Very likely all the boys in the class hold the Aaronic Priesthood. The simple fact of history as to the manner of its restoration to the earth is not of such importance in this lesson as an awakening in the hearts of the boys of a keener sense of the responsibility resting upon them because of this possession. Begin with the boy himself. Who ordained him to the priesthood? Did the boy have any idea of what he was getting? (In many instances, "No" will be the answer to this.) To make as clear as possible the nature of authority, bring to the class a concrete example such as the authority exercised by city, state, and national officers. Show what confusion would result from a lack of proper authority in government.

Section 107 in the Doctrine and Covenants states in detail the duties of the various callings in the Priesthood. Rather than to elaborate on this section, the teacher might select from it that which has a direct bearing on the members of the class.

The teacher should read the extended note found on page 40 of the "History of the Church" for information regarding the restoration of the Melchizedek Priesthood. Oliver Cowdery's testimony there given is very beautiful and impressive.

Third Sunday

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter VIII.

Teachers' Texts: "History of the Church," Chapters VIII and IX; Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 107-111.

Connect this lesson with the previous one. Show that when the authority to baptize for the remission of sins was restored, there would be need of organiza-

tion that all things might be done in order. Show that where there are laws of order, there must be officials to execute the laws. Illustrate by the home and by the school.

On page 110 of "One Hundred Years of Mormonism" there is a clear explanation of how the Church received its name, and what that name means.

This lesson furnishes a good opportunity of calling attention to the wonderful organization of the Church in its present condition.

The story of Joseph Knight and the performance of the first miracle in the Church furnishes a striking example of the evil of putting off doing one's duty.

Fourth Sunday

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter IX.

Teachers' Texts: "History of the Church," Chapter IX, from page 86, (the following chapters deal principally with the doctrinal development of the Church through the revelations given); Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," chapter VI.

This lesson is mostly narrative, dealing largely with the persecutions of the young Prophet. Let the pupils tell the stories found in the lesson. Note the steadfast faithfulness of Joseph. The application of all this to the lives of the pupils can be made in this way: Although we do not now have mobs or evil-minded men to hinder us from performing our duty, yet there seems to be always some tempter present that makes it hard to do the right thing. By questioning, this thought can be brought into concrete form. From this, show that the danger is just as real from the seemingly small enemies about us, and within us, as from the more violent demonstration of mobbers.

Third Year—"What it Means to be a Mormon"

LESSONS FOR MARCH

By Adam S. Bennion

The successful teacher always studies more than his pupils. He feels that he must know thoroughly what they may come to understand but partially. For such a teacher the text-book is only a guide—he is constantly reading from other sources that he may contribute richly in answer to the natural inquiries of a live class. The following books are

listed as helpful references on a subject far too big for treatment in any single volume: "What it Means to be a Mormon."

The standard Church works.

"The Articles of Faith," by Elder James E. Talmage.

"The Great Apostasy," by Elder James E. Talmage.

"The Gospel," by Elder B. H. Roberts.

"The Essentials of Character," by Sisson.

Any good life of Martin Luther.

"The Faith Promoting Series."

Many of these books are already in most Latter-day Saint homes. Where they are not thus accessible, or where they cannot be obtained from local libraries, they can always be secured through the office of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

First Sunday

See Superintendent's Department for uniform Fast Day exercises.

Second Sunday

Lesson 6 of the Text

This lesson and the one following offer an excellent opportunity for us to give young Latter-day Saints a correct attitude toward other churches. The fact that hundreds of churches exist today, all claiming to be the true Church of Jesus Christ, and our declaration that there has been a universal apostasy from the truth as the Savior taught it—these facts can easily be made to excite interest and enthusiasm. We have the word of the Lord that "Mormonism" is His Church—yet let us be broad-minded enough to recognize the good being done by others.

Third Sunday

Lesson 7

Fourth Sunday

Lesson 8

Teachers can do their pupils a splendid service by leading them into a close acquaintance with such a master mind as Martin Luther. Read his life.

How many members of your class took part in discussion last Sunday? How are you planning to get more to do so?

First Intermediate Department

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR MARCH

[By Josiah Burrows]

Lesson 7. The Story of Benjamin

(For Second Sunday in March)

Lesson setting: Benjamin was probably born in the Land Nephi. Use a map that will show the headwaters or source of the Magdalena river then known as the Sidon river. A line east and west at this point would probably divide the Lands Nephi and Zarahemla. Benjamin died 122 B. C., was the son of Mosiah I and father of Mosiah II. Reference, Mosiah 1, 2.

Truth: Be humble, but courageous, strong and valiant for the truth.

- I. Benjamin's strength in the time of trouble.
 1. Lamanites enter their land, coming up the Sidon river.
 2. Benjamin and his people drive them out.
 3. He and the prophets restore peace.
- II. He becomes prophet-king and custodian of the plates.
 1. Advises his sons to search records. Why?
 2. What records should we search?
- III. Picture the scene of that grand old man talking to his people.
 1. Tents around the temple.
 2. Tower erected.
 3. Message had to be written, so great was the gathering.
- IV. The Sermon.
 1. Labored for his people instead of himself, and in so doing served his God. "He that would be greatest must be servant." (Matt. 23:11, 12.)
 2. His humility and a clear conscience before God.
 3. The multitude make a covenant.
 4. Tells them of the position of those who turn away from the truth. (Verses 36-41.)

Illustration: Two Bible stories.

1. Daniel did not fear to pray to his God.
2. The three Hebrew children worshiped God instead of the golden image.
3. Luke 11:1-10.

Application: The children can learn

the truth as Joseph Smith learned it. Relate the event.

How can we have a clear conscience before God?

Have children tell what it means to make a covenant. In priesthood duties. In business affairs. Our word should be our bond.

Bible stories are beautiful when understood. How many search the scriptures?

How many can tell a story from the Bible? Have children tell one.

Lesson 8. Story of Benjamin (Cont.)

(For Third Sunday in March)

Lesson setting: Same as Lesson 7.

Truth: Through faith in Jesus Christ, and sincere repentance, we obtain forgiveness of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost.

- I. King Benjamin continues his address.
 1. Tells of a vision shown him. An angel from God.
 2. An important message.
- II. The Message.
 1. The coming of the Savior close at hand.
 2. His work, sufferings and rejection by the ungodly.
 3. Death and resurrection.
- III. What His mission means to the people of the earth.
 1. Mercy to all who die in ignorance of the gospel.
 2. Salvation to all who repent.
 3. Little children to be saved.
- IV. Effect of King Benjamin's words.
 1. People are overcome and fall to the earth.
 2. Repent of their sins, and are filled with joy.
 3. Must remain faithful, care for their children, and provide for the poor and afflicted.
- V. The People make Covenant.
 1. A new name given them, "The Children of Christ."
 2. Names taken of all who make covenant.
 3. Not one untrue.
- VI. Benjamin's Death after Three Years.
 1. His happiness and reward for a righteous life.

Illustration: Matt. 7:17-27; Luke 10:25-37.

Application: Have angels visited the earth in our day?

Through whom does the Lord speak unto us?

Will the Savior come again?

How are you preparing for that time?

What does the gospel ask you to do?

Have you ever experienced a happy feeling after having performed a duty?

How does our Church care for the poor and afflicted?

How can you help?

Lesson 9. The Story of Zeniff

(For Fourth Sunday in March)

Lesson setting: The first of the three kings who reigned over the colony of Nephites who returned from Zarahemla and established themselves in the Land of Lehi-Nephi, about B. C. 200. For description of this land see "Reynolds' Dictionary," page 223.

Truth: The Lord blesses those who obey His counsels for "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

I. Lamanites hatred for Nephites at Zarahemla and their desire to see them destroyed.

1. Nephites decide to give battle.

2. Send spies first. Zeniff and company chosen.

3. Disobedience of Zeniff. Quarrel and battle among themselves.

4. Their sorrowful return.

II. Zeniff gathers another company to return and settle in the Land of Nephi.

1. The Lord shows His displeasure.

2. Zeniff's interview with King Laman.

3. Two lands given them.

III. Lamanites jealous of them.

1. A terrible battle.

2. Laman's son also bitter.

IV. Zeniff's Death.

1. Would have enjoyed more blessings had he been humble.

2. His son Noah appointed to reign.

Illustrations: Obedience. Story of Naaman, the leper, (II Kings 5:1-15.) Saul's disobedience and Samuel's words to him, (I Samuel 15.)

Application: What does obedience to the gospel mean?

Are our homes made better through obedience?

How is the Sunday School session and the class affected by it?

What does it do for us in our day school work?

Point out ways for the children to carry out this principle. Have them tell you some.

Note.—The teacher should point out the good traits in Zeniff's life also.

Third Year—The Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR MARCH

[Suggestions by George M. Cannon]

First Sunday

Fast Day exercises.

Second Sunday

Chapters XIII and XIV of our text book cover the lesson for this Sunday, the subjects being the "First Disciples" and "The Lamb of God." In case of the latter chapter care should be used not to give the children the idea that the Savior was an individual without force or energy. Read the chapter in the Bible describing the Savior's action in driving the money changers from the Temple; and explain that while He was kind, loving and ever helpful to all around Him, He did not tolerate sin and did not hesitate to rebuke it wherever found.

Third Sunday

Chapters XV and XVI in our text book; the subjects "The First Miracle" and "Beautiful Land and Sea"—descriptive of the part of the Holy Land.

Fourth Sunday

Chapters XVII and XVIII in our text book; the subjects being "In His Temple," "Nicodemus," and "At the Well of Sychar."

Be What Thou Seemest

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;

Hold up to earth the torch divine;

Be what thou prayest to be made;

Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;

Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;

Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,

And find a harvest-home of light.

—Bonar.

Primary Department

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; assisted by Florence S. Horne and Bessie F. Foster

WORK FOR MARCH

(First Sunday)

Fast Day thought, Prayer.

It is fortunate for the Primary Department that the general Fast Day thought for the month is prayer, since our lessons this month are about Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph, men who lived such remarkably prayerful lives and who were so obedient to the promptings of the Lord.

These lessons can be greatly strengthened by the teachers developing on Fast Day such ideas as: Where we should pray, when we should pray, how we should pray, and the sacredness of prayer; that our personal prayers should be said in private and that we should ask for only those things that we need and which are sensible, to discourage any lightness and frivolity, which little children sometimes show in telling of foolish prayers they have repeated. As they get older they will see the foolishness of it and perhaps lose their respect for the Sunday School and the teacher who allowed such things to pass in the class, and it does not give them the proper idea of prayer. Do not encourage the idea that prayers are always answered promptly in a way that can be easily seen or heard, because this kind of an answer is really rare; wonderful manifestations are seldom given; more prayers are answered in such a quiet, natural manner that we hardly recognize the divine power in it. The incident given in the point of contact for Lesson 9 illustrates a natural answer to prayer.

Reverence for the name of the Lord can also be taught in this connection. His name should be spoken only when used with as much reverence as we would use it in prayer.

"Our Father's love is sure,
And very wise His care;
He gives us what He knows is best
And hears our every prayer."

Lesson 9. A Mother's Prayer

Text: Genesis 16, 21:1-21.

Reference: "Juvenile Instructor" for February, 1913.

Lesson 10. Rebecca at the Well

Text: Genesis 24, 25:20-34.

Reference: "Juvenile Instructor" for March, 1913, Lessons 11 and 12.

Lesson 11. A Sacred Promise

Text: Genesis 28; 29:1-20; 31:11-18; 33.

Reference: "Juvenile Instructor" for March, 1913, Lessons 13 and 14.

Lesson 12. Two Strange Dreams

Text: Genesis 37.

Reference: "Juvenile Instructor" for April, 1913.

Notes: If in Lesson 10 the teacher cares to teach any more about Esau and Jacob than is given, she can refer to Lesson 10 as given in the "Juvenile Instructor" for February, 1915. It suggests at the end of the lesson a good way to present the selling of the birthright.

Lesson 11 gives us the only opportunity of the year to teach the principle of tithing (one of the strongest principles of our Church) as the aim. Jacob was most remarkably blessed by the Lord not only by His protecting care but also in worldly goods and in his family; and he showed the true spirit of gratitude which prompts the receiver to do something for the giver more than merely expressing thankfulness. Prompted by this spirit he promised of his own free will that he would pay tithing. The climax of this lesson is contained in Genesis 28:11-22 inclusive. Here the beauty and sacredness of the promise are shown.

"God loveth a cheerful giver,
Though the gifts be poor and small;
But what can He think of His children
Who never give at all."

When teaching the lessons about Moses the subject of tithing can be mentioned again by way of review. The children can then be taught that this principle was given to the children of Israel by Moses as a law.

Teachers' Reference: Pages 743 and 744 of the "Juvenile Instructor" for November, 1916, under the uniform Fast Day program for December 3, 1916.

Kindergarten Department

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Assisted by Beulah Woolley and Kate McAllister

LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY

As it will be impossible for all teachers to have purchased the first volume of "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten" in time for the February lessons, we offer these suggestions to the teachers.

Memory Gem:

"We have a little fairy,
Who flits about the house
As gleeful as a cricket,
As quiet as a mouse.

She brings her father's slippers;
She runs up stairs and down;
The dearest little fairy
In all the busy town."

Rest Exercises: Representations of

1. Nature—snowflakes falling; the sunshine that melts the snow.
2. Sending valentines—bending over to slip valentine under the door; rising on tip toes and reaching high to ring door bell and running softly away.
3. Caring for animals—feeding the chickens; pitching hay for the cow and horse; getting milk for the cat, etc.

First Sunday

Adapt the Fast Day lesson.

Second Sunday

St. Valentine's Day.

Morning Talk: Encourage the children to tell you about valentines they are making, and tell briefly the legend of St. Valentine. One version of the legend is found in the Kindergarten Plan Book, page 23.

Story: It was the week before St. Valentine's day. All the children were talking about the valentines they were going to send. The store windows were full of such pretty ones! Afton looked and looked at them every time she went to the store for mother. How she wished that she had money to buy the one with birds in the center and flowers around the edges. But mother couldn't give her money for valentines. What was she going to do? She wanted one to send to Sister Smith, who lived all alone across the street. She wanted Sister Smith to know that somebody loved her. And she must have one each for father and mother and for the little boy and girl

who lived next door. The children had just come from a strange land, far away. They couldn't even talk in our language yet. And Afton was sure that they had no idea of what a delightful day St. Valentine's Day is. Then there was Annie, the little colored girl. Afton wanted especially to send one to her, because she was afraid most of the boys and girls would forget her. But what could she do when she hadn't money to buy even one? She thought and thought, and all at once she said, "I'll make them."

There was lace paper she could take out of the candy box Clara had given her. She knew mother would give her some paper, and she had her own scissors and box of paints. Oh yes, she could make very pretty ones! And so she began to work. Mother not only gave her the paper but found pictures that she could cut out and paste on the hearts mother showed her how to make. She made one valentine with birds in the center and flowers all around the edges. It looked almost as nice as the one in the store window. She made every one as pretty as she could, and she made envelopes for them, too. Mother wrote the names on all of them but one. That one mother had not seen. It was to be her surprise. And that night father wrote mother's name on it when he came from work. So there was the pile all ready to send tomorrow.

The first ones she sent were to the little children from the far away country. She heard them laughing and clapping their hands as she tiptoed away. And she was quite sure they liked Valentine's Day, even if they couldn't tell her. She knew that Annie, the little colored girl, was pleased with hers, for she saw her pass down the street a little while after with it in her hand, and there was a smile on her face. Father and mother thought their valentines were beautiful. And, maybe you don't believe it, but when Sister Smith received hers she sat down in her chair and cried for joy. She was so happy to think that somebody loved her.—Ina Johnson.

Third Sunday

King David and the Lame Prince.

Text: I Samuel 20:14-17; II Samuel 4:4; chapter 9.

Aim: By doing deeds of kindness we bring happiness to others.

Morning Talk: In cold, snowy weather, when little boys and girls have to stay indoors most of the time, what can they do? Do you know of any one who has to stay indoors all the time? I knew an old lady once who couldn't go out in the cold, slippery weather. One day she heard a knock at the door, and when she opened it there stood a little boy and girl no bigger than you are. The little girl said, "How do you do? We have come to visit you." They stayed just a little while, that was as long as mama said they might stay. But the dear old lady was so happy that she talked about the visit for days. What do you think the children did to make her happy? When friends come to visit you, what can you do to help them to have a good time?

Suggestive outline for story.

- I. The Little Prince in his home.
 - A. His father, Prince Jonathan, leaves home.
 1. To help his people who are in trouble.
 - B. Is cared for by a kind nurse.
 - C. Messengers bring word of father's death.
 1. The little Prince runs to his nurse for help.
- II. His troubles after his father's death.
 - A. Taken from his home.
 1. Reason.
 - a. Danger of enemy coming to the home.

2. Carried by nurse.
3. Dropped from nurse's arms.
- B. Becomes lame for the rest of his life.
- C. Dependent upon his nurse and others for all that he was.
- III. King David helps the lame prince.
 - A. Remembers a promise he made to Prince Jonathan years before.
 1. Wishes to fulfill promise.
 - B. Learns about the Prince who is in trouble.
 - C. Sends for him.
 - D. Gives him
 1. The lands which had belonged to his father.
 2. Servants to take care of the land.
 - E. Treats him as his own son.

Fourth Sunday

Kindness to Our Animal Friends.

Aim: Kindness to our animal friends should be a pleasure as well as a duty.

Morning Talk: Show pictures of the different domestic animals to the children and allow them to tell you about the pictures and about their own pets at home.

Story: Select one, keeping in mind the aim. A story which portrays animal intelligence is not enough. It should contain a character who is active in showing kindness to animals. Then you are able to apply the truth to the lives of the children.

GREETING TO OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS

Songs of the Heart

"The Day Dawn is Breaking," therefore let us "Catch the Sunshine" and as "We are All Enlisted Till The Conflict is O'er," "Come Let Us One and All," "Rejoice in the Day of Salvation" and "Improve the Shining Moments," "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," seek to maintain "Love at Home" and as "Kind Words Are Sweet Tones of the Heart," be sure and "Let Us Oft Speak Kind Words to Each Other." "Let Love Abound," and above all "Uphold the Right"; "Be True to the Faith," and then, "What Prize Will be Your Reward?" "Nay Speak No Ill," and when differences arise remember that "When the Mists Have Cleared Away," "Sometimes We'll Understand." "Though Deepening Trials Throng Your Way," be sure to "Weary Not." Remember that "God Moves in a Mysterious Way His Wonders to Perform," therefore "Count Your Blessings," and you will find that "The World is Full of Beauty." "The Time is Far Spent," "There is Work Enough to Do 'Ere the Sun Goes Down," so "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel," and "Today While the Sun Shines" "Let Us All Press On in the Work of The Lord." "School Thy Feelings," and see to it that you "Make the World Brighter" as a result of your efforts. Strive to lead the "Hope of Israel" to speak "Beautiful Words of Love." In conclusion our sincere prayer is "God Be With You."

O. F. Ursenbach,
T. O. King,
R. J. Gordon,
Superintendency, Taylor Stake.

Notes on Our History

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S., Director in Utah State Historical Society.

XXXVI

JEAN NICOLET

Jean Nicolet was a daring adventurer living in America at the time of Samuel de Champlain. It was largely through the instigation of Champlain that he left his native home in Normandy and came to the wilds of this new country. Like Brule and a few other venturesome youths, Nicolet, when but a lad, engaged himself to Champlain to live among the dusky Indians to learn their language and to bring about conditions favorable to sending beaver and other skins to French traders. Evidently the young fellow first set foot upon American soil in 1618 and in the same year was sent up the previously explored Ottawa River to live with Algonquins then occupying the Allumette Island.

After some six or seven years of

successful experiences with these and neighboring Redskins, he went further up-stream and made his abode for eight or nine years with the different branches of the interesting Nipissing Indians. In making this additional journey, he likewise followed streams and trails previously traversed by fellow Frenchmen. We recall that as early as 1610 Brule made this journey and became somewhat acquainted with the Nipissings and their traditions. However, unlike this dauntless pioneer pathfinder, Nicolet remained with these "children of the woods" sufficiently long to thoroughly imbibe their ways and open profitable trade avenues with native trappers.

And though Nicolet yielded almost wholly to "the call of the wild" and habituated himself nigh on completely to Indian life, we must be mindful that he remained a devout Catholic



The like of which Nicolet expected to see near Lake Michigan

and in consequence returned to mission centers periodically to partake of sacraments and become spiritually refreshed. Upon one of these visits to far away Quebec in about the year 1633 he enthusiastically related striking stories told by some isolated Nipissings relative to a strange people living far to the west upon the shores of a mighty lake whose waters were thought to be saline. These people were said to be without hair and beards and gave evidence of being an entirely different race from the Indians.

Such stories, of course, readily revived the fond dream so often entertained since the days of Cartier, and Champlain naturally concluded that

journey and fitted for "triumphant entry," Nicolet hopefully began his famous expedition into unknown regions of the west. For days and days he pushed on over routes determined by Brule thirteen or fourteen years earlier until he reached Sault Ste Marie at the outlet of mighty Lake Superior. This outlet of fresh water gave conclusive evidence that the sea beyond was not saline and consequently not the one sought. And besides this, Nicolet, in all probability, had Brule's account of Lake Superior and the people along its shore and, therefore, perhaps, never intended going farther west than Sault Ste Marie.

At this interesting point our *coureur de bois* broke from Brule's historic



The like of which Nicolet really found near Lake Michigan.

these hairless and beardless people were none other than the much talked-of and long-looked-for sons of the Orient, and at last the riches of the Far East were nigh at hand. Nicolet, therefore, was fitted out to venture into those distant parts and again anxiously awaited information concerning them and their peoples. With apparent seriousness, he was provided with a showy robe of Chinese damask embroidered with brilliant oriental birds and flowers ready to make proper appearance upon entering the supposed centers of eastern culture.

After thus being equipped for the

path and entered unexplored fields. Turning southeast, he skirted the timber-lined shore of the Michigan peninsula and then, rounding its eastern extremity, paddled westward toward the Strait of Mackinac. By passing through this he discovered Lake Michigan and became the first white man to ever glide upon its surface. Coasting westward along its northern shore he at length approached what we now call Green Bay. Down this he rowed until he reached its southern extremity and then pitched camp preparatory to entering beautiful cities and meeting cultured peoples. He com-

missioned one of his Indian servants to go in advance and herald the white man's unexpected coming. In the meantime Nicolet bedecked himself in his gaudy robe, after which he suspiciously advanced, with a loaded pistol in each hand, to meet the surprised and curious crowd.

The natives were amazed at his appearance. They had never before seen a white man, and his being so attractively gowned gave evidence to them of his supernatural origin. His supposed divinity was conclusively established to the astonished natives when he fired one of his pistols and thereby made "both thunder and lightning at the same time." Squaws and children in frightened dismay ran under cover while timid braves mustered courage to extend him unstinted welcome. They regaled him most bountifully and in one single feast devoured some one hundred twenty especially prepared beavers. But the simple natives, however solicitous for Nicolet's welfare, must have been a sad disappointment to the ridiculously attired wood-runner, for instead of proving to be stylish wearers of costly silks and emblems of eastern culture they were none other than half-clad Winnebagoes, a tribe of the great Dakota Indian family.

In due time and in sad disappointment at finding no saline waters or almond-eyed Celestials, Nicolet passed on southward up charming Fox Creek to the Mascontin's shabby village. From here he portaged westward through grass and timber to the Wisconsin River. Down this winding stream his canoe floated until within three days of the mighty Mississippi. From partially understood accounts related by natives, he mistook this wonderful river, described as the

"great water" to be in reality a big lake or, perhaps, the ocean itself.

For some unknown reason, the crest-fallen explorer left the Wisconsin, and, according to Bancroft, worked southward and eastward across the verdant prairies of Illinois to the present site of noisy Chicago.

Once more at Lake Michigan, he chagrinely resolved to make for far away Quebec. He reached the capital in the year in which Champlain died, but whether or not the governor ever heard his faithful interpreter's discouraging report may never be known. But the account of this interesting journey was given to those at Quebec and in 1641, five years after Champlain's lamented death, Father Vimont published it in full, giving vivid descriptions of places visited, sights seen, and experiences encountered.

According to our best information this "first ambassador from America to China" reached the noted tributary of the Father of Waters almost a century after De Soto, the famous Spanish explorer, was buried beneath its noiseless surface. The pious Plymouth colony was fourteen years old when Nicolet so absurdly attired himself in the Wisconsin wilderness. By this time Jamestown had lived twenty-seven years and yet its people knew nothing of these vast unexplored regions. Ninety-three years prior to this time Lieutenant Cardenas had visited southern Utah and Coronado had gone into Kansas, but it remained for Jean Nicolet to first ripple the restless waters of broad Lake Michigan and trail through the rich, timber-covered lands along its western shore. The appreciative people of Canada have since seen fit to commemorate the achievements of this hardy adventurer by giving to one of the thriving countries of Quebec the name of Nicolet.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.—Ruskin.



Glad Tidings

I

IN LOVING PRAISE

By Minnie Iverson-Hodapp.

Long, long ago in the fields of Judea, some shepherds were watching their flocks by night, when an angel of the Lord came unto them and a great light shone round them.

They were afraid, but the angel said, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

"For behold unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ, the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

When the angel had spoken these words, a great multitude of heavenly beings sang "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Then the shepherds went in haste to Bethlehem, and there they found the Babe lying in the manger just as the angel had said. How happy they were! Truly they felt a great joy in their hearts and they returned to their flocks glorifying and praising God.

About this same time the three wise men followed a wonderful star which led them to the manger where the Christ Child lay.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

"And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary, His mother, and fell down and

worshiped Him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

It does not seem at all strange that these men should bow down and worship the Child, and offer their rich gifts. They were very wise, and they knew that this blessed Babe would grow to be the most perfect character that ever lived on the earth. They knew Him to be the Savior of the world. They knew He was sent to grow up and guide and teach the people. Deep in their hearts they knew these truths and felt that no gift was too great to give.

Dear children, many hundreds of years have passed since the birth of our Savior, yet the "sweet old story" is still as true and precious as it ever was. As the angel said, it is "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people"—to you and me as much as to any others who have lived.

It is centuries ago since the great host of angels sang "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Yet this song is as true and sweet as when it was first sung. It is old and yet ever new. Its beauty will never fade away because its message is precious and divine, and means as much today as when the angels sang it to the shepherds. And why?

It is the gospel message which Jesus lived and taught. It is the same gospel message which Joseph Smith, our prophet, has revealed. Let us seek to understand it—"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Lehi Preaching Repentance

By Wm. A. Morton

The accompanying illustration represents the Prophet Lehi proclaiming the gospel of repentance to a wicked and perverse generation. He had prayed to the Lord in sincerity of heart in behalf of Jerusalem and its inhabitants, and in answer to his prayer he had been commanded by the Lord to go and labor among the people, that peradventure some of them at least might give heed to his words, repent of their sins and escape the judgments which He had decreed would come upon them.

The Lord had called Isaiah and Jeremiah to do a similar work, but their labors were without fruit. False prophets had incited the people against them; they had been denounced as traitors and imposters, and had been treated shamefully by those whom they had tried so hard to save. So you see, it was no easy task the Lord had given to the Prophet Lehi.

Lehi, in obedience to the Lord's command, went forth among the people and began to deliver his message. It was a message of life or death. Its acceptance would bring temporal and eternal salvation; its rejection would be followed by destruction, captivity and death.

Here the patience and long-suffering, the goodness and mercy of God are clearly exhibited. Notwithstanding the sins and iniquities of the people of Jerusalem, He had borne with them year after year; by prophets and wise men He had spoken to them, reminding them of the blessings which they and their fathers had received from Him; He had pleaded with them as a loving father pleads with his wayward son; and, as a last resort, He had threatened them with severe punishment if they persisted in their ungodly ways.

But sin had so beclouded their minds and hardened their hearts that the words of the prophet, spoken in the

power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, were to them as idle tales. They made mock of Lehi's warning message, they lifted up their voices against him, and even tried to take his life. But the life of the prophet was precious in the sight of the Lord; He had a great work for Lehi to do, so He delivered him out of the hands of his enemies.

The people of Jerusalem were left to their fate. They had chosen darkness rather than light; they had preferred a life of sin to a life of righteousness; they had become servants of Satan rather than servants of God, and in due time—when their cup of iniquity was full—they received their wages from him whom they had listened to obey. Their enemies came upon them; their city was destroyed, many of their number were slain, and many others were taken captives to Babylon.

Very profitable lessons may be learned from this brief page taken from the life of Lehi. It teaches us that a life of righteousness wins the favor and protection of God; that an ungodly life brings His displeasure, condemnation and punishment; and that it is a serious thing to reject the counsel of the Lord, given by His servants the prophets.

To the youth of Zion the Lord is speaking today as He spoke to the people of Jerusalem in the days of Lehi. By the mouth of His divinely-appointed servants He is calling upon them to clothe themselves in the garments of righteousness, to adorn themselves with the ornaments of a meek and humble spirit, to dress as becometh children of the Most High, and in the dance to deport themselves as sons and daughters of God. Obedience to this counsel will bring the blessings of heaven; a disregard of it is sure to be followed by shame and sorrow.



LEHI PREACHING REPENTANCE HIS WARNING MESSAGE REJECTED.

From moving picture produced by A. J. T. Sorensen. Used by permission.

The Runaway Fire-Irons

One day Mabel's mother came running down stairs all dressed in her nicest coat and hat and said to the maid who was dusting the table, "Don't forget to polish the fire irons in the library. The children will come early for Mabel's birthday party and I want everything to shine." The maid said, "Certainly, ma'am," and Mabel's mother hurried away to go and order the ice cream and candy for the party.

Miss Shovel, Mr. Poker and Miss Tongs all cuddled together and whispered, "We're to be scrubbed again, are we? Don't you remember the last time how she rubbed us the wrong way until we were sore for a week? Shine indeed! And a lot of children coming to tumble over us."

"Yes," said Miss Tongs, "and maybe misuse us. Don't I remember the day that Johnnie who lives next door used me to take a dead mouse out of the doll's house? Ugh!"

"Yes," said Miss Shovel, "and I was used once to dig dirt for mud pies. Its' a wonder I ever shone again."

"I had my trials, too," said Mr. Poker, "for that same Johnnie boy used me for a horse and then tried to crack a nut with my beautiful head—it's had a small dent in it ever since;" here he tried to bend over to show the top of his head but he was not built that way.

"What shall we do?" they all exclaimed together.

"I know," said the Poker who was very brave and straight, "let's all run away."

"But then," sighed Miss Tongs, "we will miss seeing the party. I do love society."

"Nonsense," said Miss Shovel, who was used to having her own way, "let's go—I can dig up more for you than such a small affair as that chil-

dren's party. Besides, everybody wants to see the world."

"Come on," said Poker, "the window is open, the coast is clear, and I'll lead the way." So off he trotted with a jerking motion that was a family failing. Miss Shovel followed with a mincing hop, and Miss Tongs came striding after as if she were on stilts. She was indeed very short waisted. Nobody saw them and they trotted along until they were tired, which wasn't long as they were not used to walking, and they all lay down to rest in a dry ditch under some weeds until it was dark. Then they started off again to a big glass building that shone in the moonlight.

"Oh, I know what this is," said Miss Tongs, who was rather silly, "it must be the world."

But Mr. Poker, who was quite stiff from his long walk, answered, "It's what our people are always talking about—the Exposition; let's crawl in."

So Tongs took a firm stand while Shovel climbed on her shoulders and Poker pried open the window from the top of Miss Shovel's head, and in they all climbed, Tongs making such a clatter that the watchman turned over and muttered, "Thieves," but he did not really wake up. Our three friends, snuggling close together and failing to keep step on account of their various gaits, rambled through the immense building, which Miss Tongs still insisted was the world, while the watchman snored, but somebody outside was watching, too, and seeing the open window climbed in, and the watchman's dream came true in part for it was a robber who came to steal.

Our three friends were scared but they laid low and waited. While Mr. Thief was bending over a case filled with beautiful things, selecting the best to carry off. Mr. Poker came down on his head with a whack so that he didn't say a word but tumbled over by the watchman who still snored, proving that watchmen do not

always watch. Then Miss Tongs picked him up and carried him off—he was really very small indeed and not at all heavy. Miss Shovel dug a neat hole and dropped him in before you could say “fix the fire,” and all the time the watchman snored. In the morning when he at last woke up he wondered who had been digging by the door, but nobody ever knew what a narrow escape the Exposition treasure had, and our three friends were off on their travels a long way from the scene of their midnight adventure by this time.

They walked all day and for fear of attracting attention took paths through the woods. They were so tired and dusty and travel-stained they were ashamed to look at each other; but when day was nearly over they took to the road, creeping into the first shed they came to for rest—but there was no rest for these naughty run-a-ways, for the shed belonged to a little colored boy named Cleobulus after “a big general in de wah” and called Bolie for short. It is a pity all the children who read this couldn’t see this boy for he was dressed in a shirt waist four sizes too big for him, and a pair of trousers that had once figured as a couch covering or a pair of bed-room curtains. They surely figured and Bolie was ashamed to go up town in his funny pants. His mother knew this and that was why she hid the rest of his clothes when she went to work—so she would know where he was all day. Bolie looked into the woodshed to find something to hammer with, and there, O joy! were the three friends, Poker, Shovel, and Tongs, huddled together in fear, for here was something worse than Johnnie who-lived-next-door. Sure enough, Bolie dug and dug with Miss Shovel until her handle was bent. Mr. Poker was heated red hot and holes made in a board until his temper was completely ruined, and Miss Tongs was made to do all sorts of distasteful things until

she was crippled for life, and never again able to grasp any object as she once used to do. When night came once more the three friends were thrown in a heap under the house when a big voice called, “You, Bolie, come here and see what I brung you from de whitefolks’ house.”

The poor unhappy trio lay there too miserable even to click-together to show they were alive, and passed the rest of their unhappy time gathering dirt and freckles of rust until their best friend would never have recognized them. After many sad days and nights, one day there came rattling up the road a tumble down wagon with a bony horse driven by a man who called out, “Rags, bottles and old iron,” and Cleobulus bethought him of the playmates of long ago, and they were soon jogging along in the wagon while Bolie considered whether he would have an ice cream cone or a sack of pop-corn for his nickel.

Yes, that is what their silly discontent brought upon them. They were sold into the hands of a rag-man for a nickel! Poor, naughty Shovel, Poker and Tongs, they huddled down and wished, and wished, and wished they had never run away, and the last words they were heard to say were uttered by Miss Shovel, who remarked, “I wonder if they had a good time at the party.”

Little Tryphena’s First Valentine

Fifty-two years ago this February Miss Mary over the way and I were seven years old.

I had been mad with Mary Mendall ever since New Year’s eve when I was sent with a basket of seed-cakes to poor old Mammy Ellis, at the poor-house, and she went with me. We peeped under the cloth; peeped again; peeped longer. She said, “let’s take one,” I said. “Oh, no,” at first very loud, second time not so loud; next

time very faint; and the end of it was that we each ate two.

Now this troubled me so much nights when I went to bed, and also when we had seed cakes on the table, that I determined to be mad at Mary Mendall. I took no notice of her, would not speak to her, nor let her bite of my apple, and we made faces at each other.

It was a country place, but the



"Up the ladder, quick!"

teacher had told the scholars about valentines, and how to make them; and had told us of some pretty verses. Nearly all of the children made valentines that winter. I made mine of flower pictures—rose, pink, and tulips, drawn and painted by myself.

Sammy Alden had red cheeks, and white teeth, and lived in a pretty house, and I thought I would drop my valentine on his doorstep. The way, the teacher said, was to go in the evening, drop your valentine, knock, and run like lightning.

Of course, everything about valentines had to be kept private, but I told mother, and she let me go out to do it right after supper. I went acrossways to the back side of Sammy's house, and climbed over and was stepping softly as I could towards the back door, when I heard the great dog bark, inside; and thinking they would let him out at me I ran swift, right into the barn—and there I stayed. I dared not stir out for fear the dog would hear me, or that somebody might be looking out of the windows.

The barn was dark inside, and in tiptoeing about I stumbled over a milking-stool. I sat down on it, trembling all over lest a man should come, or the dog, perhaps. And I thought how some old straggler might be hid away there, or maybe a ghost, and I began to cry softly, all to myself, when I heard a rustling way back in the darkest corner, and right off, a strange kind of whisper; loud and hoarse and long, thus:

"Try-phe-ny! Try-phe-ny Clark!"

It startled me so, I said, "Oh!" and stopped crying to listen.

Another whisper: "Try-phe-ny! Don't-you-know-me? I-am-Mary Mendall. Come-here!"

I went quick enough, into her corner. She was sitting on a ladder, and we hugged each other for joy. For she had come some time before with a valentine for Sammy, and had been scared by the dog, and had run into

the barn to keep from being seen, just as I had, and durst not stir out.

While she was whispering all this we heard the sound of wheels.

"Oh dear!" Mary said, "now somebody will bring in the horse! And a lantern! Hurry up to the hay-mow! Up to the ladder! -Quick!"

"Oh, I can't, I can't," I whispered.

"You must," she whispered. "They'll be coming, dog too, may be, come hurry, I'll go ahead. Give me your valentine, I'll hold 'em between my teeth."

Voices louder outside, hurried us up very quickly. I slipped and said, "Oh!" She whispered to hush me, and so dropped the valentines on the barn-floor.

We pulled hay in front of us, and there we sat on the boards, hugging each other tight, while the horse was being put into the stall. Sammy was with his father.

"Why, there on the floor are two letters!" Mr. Alden cried out. "Wonder how they came there! Sammy, your name's on both of them." Then we heard the paper torn open.

"Picters in it Sammy," said Mr. Alden and he read my verse:

"I bring you Sammy, these flowers fine
And sign my name,
Your Valentine."

"Hity-tyty!" said Mr. Alden, "let's take them to mother. Mother most always knows about things."

That may have been so, but Sammy never found out till long, long afterwards, who sent him his valentines, nor how they came to be left in the barn.

When the house, and all around were quiet, we crept down and then out of the back end of the barn. Going home, Mary Mendall asked me what I had been mad at her for, and I told her because I had had shamed feelings when I went to bed, and when we had seed-cakes for supper. She owned up to having the same kind of

feelings and said, speaking low, "Let us promise each other never to do such a thing again." And we stood still there and promised each other.

I told mother afterwards about what a time we had with our valentines, and she promised to keep it private. Mary Mendall said she almost knew we ought to tell her about the seed-cakes too. So one Saturday when she came to play with me, we went into the kitchen where mother was ironing some aprons. We stood close by the table. Mary Mendall nudged me with her elbow and said "Tell!"

"No, you tell," I whispered.

"What is it?" mother asked with her sweet smile.

"Trypheny and I ate some of Mammy Ellis' seed-cakes New Year's Day," Mary blurted out, in her quick, queer way.

Mother understood right off. "But nobody need to do a bad thing more than once," she said kindly, and said no more.

Afterward she frequently sent me on the same kind of errand, and said Mary Mendall would go with me, and she will remember how happy we felt, and how lightly we stepped off, so glad to be trusted! Miss Mary, over the way will remember all this I have been telling and plenty more. We have lived neighbors all our lives, and have never made up faces at each other nor been anything but loving friends. Since that time of the seed-cakes I have many a time gone to her for advice, and it has always been strong for the right.

The Dog at Uncle Andrew's

Bessie was the little city cousin that was visiting Myrtle. And Myrtle was the little country cousin that was having the visit. They played with Myrtle's dolls, and they read in Myrtle's story-books, and then ran about the farm, and took walks along the country roads. But the thing they liked best to do was to match lit-

tle bragging stories. That is, Bessie would brag about something fine in the city, and then Myrtle would brag about something fine in the country. At first the stories were not bragging stories, but just stories to please each other. But finally Myrtle began to feel that when Bessie told about something very interesting, she must tell something interestinger, and soon both began to talk very fast, and be out of breath and to interrupt.

"At home," said Bessie, "we have candies that are full of cream inside, and yellow candies the shape of buttercups, and green candies in pods, the shape of peas—"

"A dog that can sing?" Bessie echoed.

"Yes, sir," said Myrtle, "He is Dan, Uncle Andrew's dog."

"I want to hear him," exclaimed Bessie.

"He won't sing for anybody but Uncle Andrew," Myrtle said. "We will have to wait until this evening, and then we will have Uncle Andrew have him sing."

When evening came Uncle Andrew was quite willing to show off Dan's "singular accomplishment," as he called it.

"Dan is a very modest dog," he said as he brought out several old-fash-



"Then he howled again, in a different key."

"Oh, well," said Myrtle, "we have trees right here on Uncle Andrew's farm that make sugar."

"Oh, I know all about maple sugar," broke in Bessie. "We have hand-organs in all our streets, and there is always a dear little monkey—"

"Live ones?" Myrtle asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Bessie. "They always bow to us children and take off their caps when we give them a penny, and they dance—oh you ought to see a monkey dance!"

"Well, said Myrtle, "We have a dog that can sing."

ioned singing books, "and will only sing when others are singing. He refuses to sing alone. So you and Myrtle will have to sing too." Uncle Andrew seated them all, in a row of chairs, and gave each one a singing-book. In the middle chair of the row, between Bessie and Myrtle, he placed Dan, or rather Dan jumped up into the empty chair when Uncle Andrew told him to.

Then Uncle Andrew said, "Sit up, Dan and take your singing-book." Dan sat up straight in his chair, and held up his two front legs for Uncle

Andrew to place the open singing book upon.

Bessie looked very much astonished at this. But Dan paid no attention to his neighbors, his eyes were upon his master.

"Now, ready, sing," exclaimed Uncle Andrew, waving the stove poker in the air as a baton, and beating time.

"My country 'tis of thee," they all began. Yes, all, for Dan opened his mouth at the same instant as Bessie and Myrtle, and gave a prolonged howl. Then he howled again in a different key. Then again in still another, howling higher if Bessie and Myrtle sang high, or low if Bessie and Myrtle sang low.

He was just as much in earnest as any of them, and paid no attention when Myrtle stopped singing to laugh.

When Uncle Andrew brought his poker up in the air and held it there, Dan knew as well as the rest that it was time for him to stop singing, and he stopped and stood still upon his hind-legs until Uncle Andrew took the books. Then he jumped down from the chair and went about wagging his tail as though he knew he had done his part well.

"Oh you dear old Dan," exclaimed Bessie, throwing herself upon the floor beside him, and putting her arm around his neck. "You're just twice as funny as the monkeys!"

Lost—Little Dog Brownie.



My little dog's lost,
Please hunt him for me;
I'm sure you will know him
From others, for he
Always turns roun' and roun'
Before he lies down;
When this you see,
Please bring him to me!

He has fringe on his tail
And fringe on his legs;
He will give you his right paw,
He sits up and begs;
And turns roun' and roun'
Before he lies down;
When this you see,
Just bring him to me!

He's all over Brown,
Except his black nose;
He takes his tail with him
Wherever he goes;
And he turns roun' and roun'
Before he lies down
When this you see,
Bring him right back to me!

He is small for his age
You can very soon see—
But if you're not quite sure
It really is he
If he turns roun' and roun'
Before he lies down
It Brownie must be!
Lead him straight home to me.



The Girl

I know a girl, a reg'lar Girl,
 With flouncy dresses, and twisty curl,
 She plays with dolls, an' hates boys' rows,
 She screams at mice, an' runs from cows.
 But when a fellow's feeling sick,
 Her books and dolls, she leaves them quick!
 An' oh, when she's away I've missed her!
 She's just a girl—but she's my Sister!

To a Chickadee

By Myra A. Buck, in "Our Dumb Animals"

Pretty, pretty little bird on the snowy bough,
 Do you feel the wintry chill; are you hungry now?
 Tell me, little bird, I pray, what you find to eat
 On the frosty snowy ground, in the storm and sleet.

Bugs and worms you cannot find when the snow is deep.
 Is there any cozy place where you hide to sleep?
 Other birds have flown away to a warmer clime;
 You, oh, little chickadee, brave the winter time.

I will scatter crumbs for you out upon the lawn;
 Pretty little bird, I pray, come there ev'ry morn;
 I will build a little house, place it in the tree.
 You shall go and live inside, pretty chickadee.

The Children's Budget Box

The Little Brook

Through the green meadow came a
frolicing brook,
Dancing and winding through each
valley and crook.
Gliding and laughing and running
along,
Singing its merry joyful song.

It murmured its sweet little song to
me,
It sang of the flowers and bumble-bee.
It bubbled and babbled o'er hill and
stone,
And told of its wonderful journey
home.

Francella Dalley,

Age 12.

Parowan, Utah.



By Flora Parker

Age 14

Nephi, Utah

The Story of Two Pennies

They looked just exactly alike, as
they lay in the palms of two little boys,
just as round as gold and just as won-
derful.

"My mother gave me a penny this
morning," said Benny.

"So did my mother," said John.

"What are you going to do with
your penny?" asked Benny.

"Spend it," said John.

"So am I," said Benny.

Bennie and John walked away from
the front of Benny's house where they
had been playing and down the street
as far as Mr. Jones' store. John re-
membered that Mr. Jones had just
filled his cases with candy. He bought
some and ate it. Benny had watched
John's candy grow smaller and smaller
and in a short time disappear.

Benny looked around the store to
see if Mr. Jones had anything more a
boy could buy for a penny. He saw a
great many things, but what attracted
his attention most was a package of
scarlet radish seeds. They looked good
enough to eat.

"How much is that package of rad-
ish seeds, Mr. Jones?" said Benny.

"One cent," said Mr. Jones.

"I will buy it," said Benny.

Benny spaded and raked and hoed
a small place in the back yard. Then
he scattered his radish seeds and
waited.

John went away to visit his grand-
father, so Benny had no one to play
with and there was plenty of time to
take care of his garden. Some days
the sun shone and some days it rained.
One day, tiny green shoots pushed
their way up through the ground. An-
other day, Benny pulled up a bunch of
leaves and there was a radish as round
as a cherry, as red as an apple.

"Have you any radishes to sell,
Benny?" asked a lady who had seen
Benny pull up his radish.

"I will see," said Benny, and pulled up a whole handful of radishes.

"May I buy two bunches for three cents?" asked the lady.

Benny was on his way selling his radishes, when he met John, who had returned home. "I'll go to the store with you and buy some candy," said Benny.

John looked a little glum. "I haven't a penny," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," laughed Benny, "I will share with you."

He put his basket down and took a whole handful of shining pennies out of his pocket and, all together, he had ten cents!

Edna Johnston,
Boneta, Utah.

Age 12.

Dora's Awakening

Mrs. Brown sat down to rest. "Three o'clock, and I must finish Dora's dress tonight. If this washing were only done it would not matter," she said with a sigh. "But," she continued, rising, "I'll never get it done sitting here."

From the house came the sound of a piano. "She does play well," she murmured with a mother's pride. "If she liked housework as well as she does the piano and parties it would be much better; but she'll learn, yet, she will learn."

An hour later, the washing finished, Mrs. Brown started to sew. A moment later a laughing girl bounded into the room closely followed by a boy of about ten years. "Oh, mother, how beautiful!" she exclaimed, holding up the dainty blue silk. "Do you think you will have it finished?"

"I will try, dear," replied her mother; "do you think you could get supper?"

"Come on, Tom, you must help me," she said, and kissing her mother she left the room.

"She does love me," murmured Mrs. Brown, "even if she is so thoughtless."

Half an hour later Mr. Brown arrived and the family sat down to supper. "There is a good show on tonight, mother, can you go?" inquired father.

"No, dear, not tonight. Dora is going to the lecture: next week perhaps," she added, seeing the disappointed look in her husband's face.

The next day the mail brought an invitation to a supper. "Ball night," said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh.

"Where is Dora?" inquired Mr. Brown, impatiently.

"She stayed over to Mary's place; I expect she will be home soon."

Home she soon was and in tears. "Oh, mother," she sobbed, "will you ever forgive me? It was Miss Smith's lecture," she continued. "It was about making mother do all the work. At first I felt insulted and then I began to think. I thought of you, little mother, and I could scarcely wait until I got home, so get ready for your ride and I'll tend the house. I have woken up, mother, to what you've done for me and what I could do for you. Come back about six: supper will be ready and then you can go the road to the midnight supper."

Mrs. Brown kissed her and went away murmuring, "Yes, she has changed; this is the bud's awakening."

Lecta Miller.

Age 12.

Bob and the Young Wild Cat

It was a bright July morning; the sun was far in the sky when Bob and Millie awoke from the sounds of bustling and hustling in the kitchen, for mama was preparing the lunch for the big picnic which the children had long waited for. They sprang from their beds and were down stairs in less time than ever before.

Everything was ready for the picnic. The horses were hitched to the large covered wagon and the big basket of cakes, pies and surprises which

made the children so anxious for dinner time to come, was placed in the wagon.

Soon Bob and Millie joined the merry group of playmates at the gate. They were lifted to their seats and in a moment were off.

"Rover! Rover! You cannot go with us. You could not walk so long a distance!" Millie cried, as Rover trotted beside the wagon.

It was a long ride to China Lake, but the children only thought of the good time that was coming.

They got about two miles from home when a rustling in the bushes caused them to look at the other side of the road. Bounding and panting came Rover.

"Rover! Rover! You naughty dog!" cried Millie, "why did you disobey me?" Mr. Jones stopped the wagon and Rover was lifted in.

It was dinner time when they arrived at the Lake. They selected a nice place under the trees, the women were soon busy preparing dinner and the children scampered to find flowers and berries. Dinner was called and they tried to see which could be the first there, for they were all ready to eat. They were all seated in the grass ready for a hearty meal when Mrs. Jones cried in a horrified voice, "Where is Bobbie?" They were silent for a moment. The children were questioned but none knew anything of Bobbie.

Bobbie was not yet four years old and the thought of him in the woods alone was not pleasant for Mrs. Jones.

There was excitement for a little while. Dinner was forgotten and every one was searching for Bob. The men took their guns and went in the woods to hunt. Soon they all returned but had not found him. They returned to the woods to search again.

A rustling was heard in the bushes which made them all look. Out bounded Rover and was followed by Bob. His mother clasped him in her

arms and kissed him several times for she had been frantic, thinking her dear boy would never be found. Two shots were fired to let the men know he was safe.

Millie threw her arms around Rover's neck and said, "You dear old dog. You have saved Bobbie's life and you shall have a nice bone for your supper."

Soon the men returned. Mr. Jones was carrying a young wild cat. Bobbie cried, "Oh papa, how did you ever catch that little dog, when I tried so hard and couldn't get near him."

Thelma Osborn,
Mt. Simmons, Utah.

Age 13.

My Kitty and My Doggie

When I first got my doggie,
He would not bark or play;
He lay around so naughty,
And slept all through the day.

He would not look at kitty,
Nor would kitty look at him;
But now they're acting better,
They'll both eat from one tin.

Grant Blake,

Age 9.

West Point, Utah.



Edna Anderson,

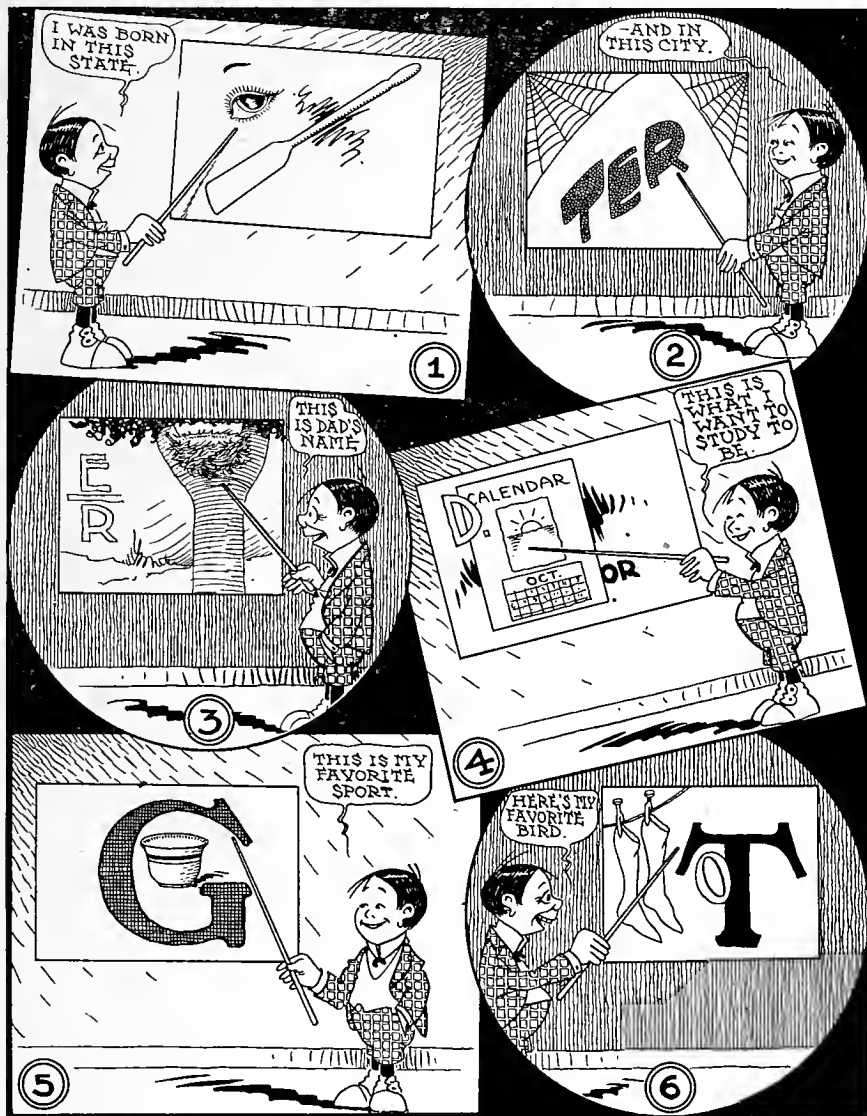
Age 13.

Grover, Wyo.

BOBBIE'S HISTORY

A PUZZLE

BY WALTER WELLMAN







THE JUVENILE PUZZLE PAGE




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The Little Noah's Ark





2





WHEN Dick held up the silver  and whispered to Dilly, he said, "Let's both wish for  to bring a little Noah's ark, like Papa had when he was a !" Then he held out the 


by one side, and  took hold of the other, and they pulled. When Grandma B. heard it snap, she asked, "Which got it?" And Dilly laughed and said, "Both!" And  laughed and said, "Because we both wished the same wish." Then  B. laughed,



too, and asked, "What was this wonderful double wish?" "Oh," cried Dick, clapping , "you never can guess!" And little Dilly clapped  and cried, "Oh, you never can guess!" "No," said

Grandma B., taking off her , and laying the  on the , "I never can guess; you'll have to tell me." And when they told her, Grandma B. lay back in her  and laughed again. "Well,





well," said she, "  wishes don't always come true, but I do believe I better play  right now, and make this double wish more than come true." "Why,"



cried  , jumping up, "how can you do that?"



"Well," said Grandma B., "you need n't wait for  , or a  --- you shall have a little Noah's










ark now, and more, you shall have the very ark your Papa had when he was a  !"



"Oh, o-oh!" cried Dick, and "Oh, o-oh!" cried  , jumping up and standing beside him. "Yes," went on

Grandma B., "that very Noah's ark is in the  this minute --- up in the attic, in an old  ." "Let's go right up and get it," cried Dick, running for the



 Grandma B. took Dilly's  , and they went after Dick; and up in the attic, near the west

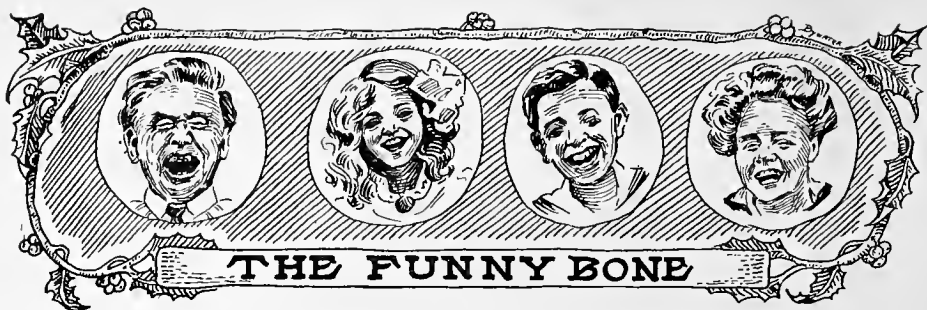
 , they found him standing by a  . And Grandma B. opened it, and took out the little Noah's  . It was like

a flat  , with a  on it; and the house had a  at one end, and  along the sides,

and half the roof lifted like a trap-door. Dick dragged a  in front of the  , and set the ark



on it. "That is Mt. Ararat," said he, "and the Flood has gone down, and I'm going to let out the   !"



Another Mother-in-Law

Sandy sat at the door of his cottage sobbing with emotion.

His friend Terence chanced to pass, and remarked sympathetically, "You're looking very sad today."

"Ay, and it's feelin' sad I am," replied Sandy. "I tell ye it's verra hard tae lose your mother-in-law."

"Hard!" exclaimed Terence. "Gosh, my laddie, it's almost impossible!"

Sovereignty Recognized.

Agent: "Is the boss of the house in?"

Proud Father: "Yes; he's asleep upstairs in his cradle."—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Bad Both Ways

Charles' mother was reproving him for not being more tidy about his hair, when his uncle, who was very bald, thinking to soothe his feelings, said:

"Charles, don't you wish you were as bald as I? Then you wouldn't have any hair to comb."

Charles heaved a long sigh of resignation.

"No, I don't," he said. "There would be that much more face to wash."

One Way

The boss of a woodworking shop in West Philadelphia was examining an Irishman as to his fitness for a job as a cabinet maker.

After a somewhat lengthy examination, the foreman asked: "How would you make a Venetian blind?"

"I'd poke him in the eye wid me screw-driver," answered the tired Celt.

Clear as Mud

"How can you tell when an egg is fresh?"

Well you put it in water, and if it is good it will float or sink, I've forgotten which."

How the Horses Saw It

It happened in front of the village postoffice.

An old farmer was holding his frightened team while an automobile rushed by.

"Queer how horses are so skeered of them things," said the one of the loafers.

"Queer?" grumbled the farmer.

"What would you do if you should see my pants coming down the street with nothin in them?"

Out of Print

Mrs. Bunkerhill: "Have you read Scott's novels?"

Miss Slacker: "All but his 'Emulsion.' I have seen it advertised, but I have never been able to get a copy.—Exchange.

Blaming Women Again

"Where," asked the female suffrage orator, "would man be today were it not for woman?"

She paused a moment and looked around the hall. "I repeat," she said, "where would man be today were it not for woman?"

"He'd be in the Garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.

Do You "Tumble?"

"What kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

"Don't know, but banana skins make good slippers."

Strategy

Pat visted Mike in the wilds of Africa and to show his bravery started out alone in search of big game. Presently a shot was heard. Rushing to the window Mike spied his friend Pat hot-footing it for home, followed by a huge lion gaining with every step. Nearly spent, Pat reached the door just in time to cry: "Quick, Mike, open the door. I'm bringing him home alive."

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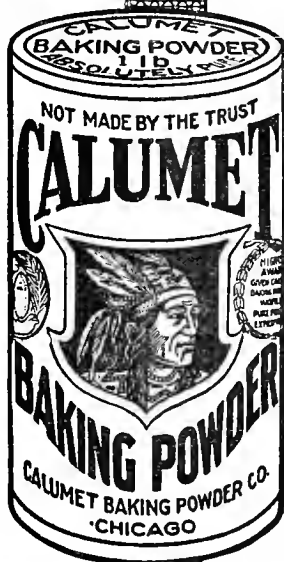


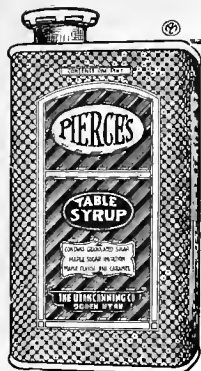
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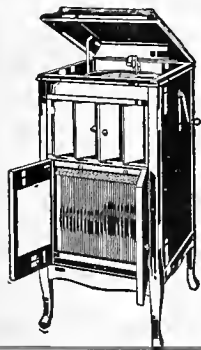
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